Saturday Review

May 23, 1964 25¢

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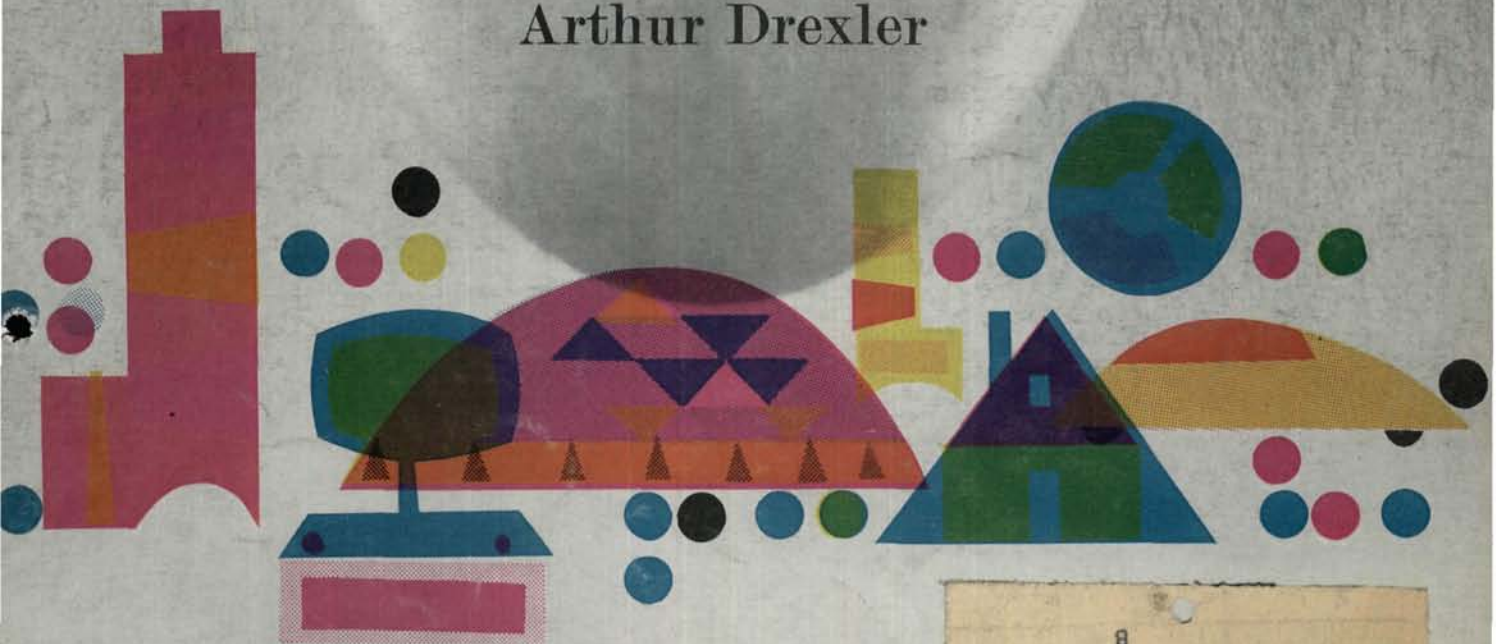

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1720-1793

Skewer
by Wm. Moulton III

The tradition that is Towle Sterling began over two centuries ago with the great Moulton family of silversmiths. They pursued their craft until 1857, when they were succeeded by Anthony F. Towle and William P. Jones.

1744-1816

Porringer
by Joseph Moulton III

The Towle silversmiths are still in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where Joseph Moulton trained his sons, Ebenezer, Enoch, Abel and William IV —still following the same tradition of unhurried craftsmanship and quality.

1768-1824

Cup
by Ebenezer Moulton

One of the *four* grandsons of William Moulton III to be famed silversmiths. The nineteenth century brought a great demand for fine New England silver. Many of these cherished pieces were carried West in the dowries of brides.

1772-1861

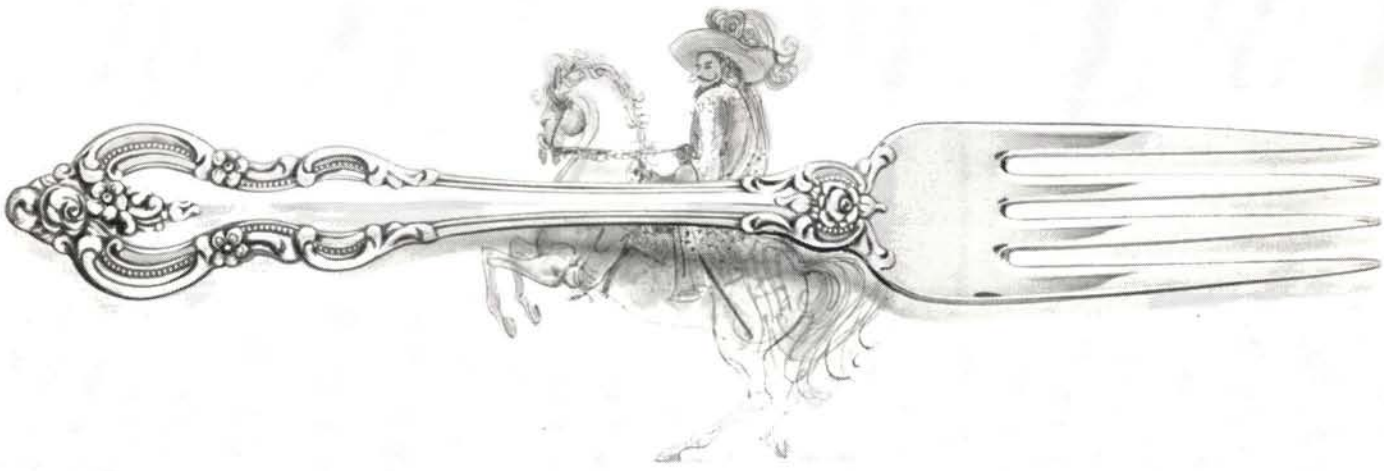
Tankard
by William Moulton IV

Perhaps the greatest of the Moulton silversmiths created this classic tankard. William is also remembered for having introduced a talented apprentice, Anthony F. Towle, who was to carry his tradition into the next century.

1895

Fork
by Towle

The craftsmanship of two centuries is exhibited in the fine silver designed by the Towles (*sixteen* of whom married Moultons over the years). To this day every tine of every Towle fork is hand-polished for perfect service.



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TOWLE SILVERSMITHS

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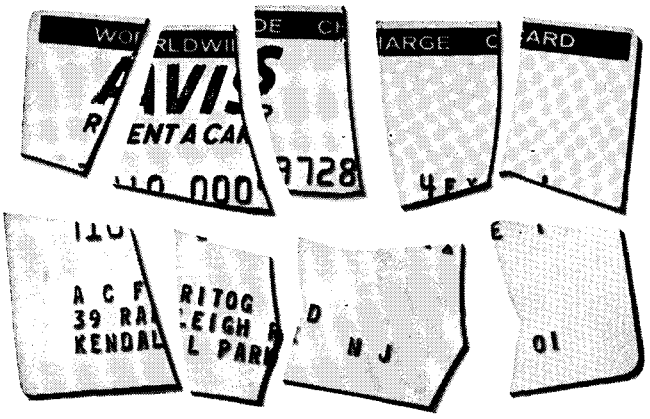

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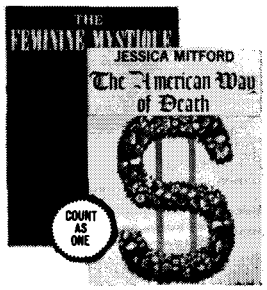

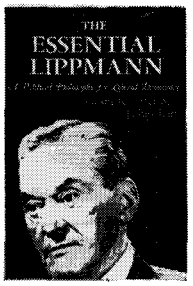

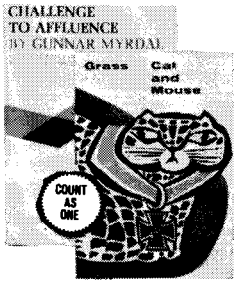

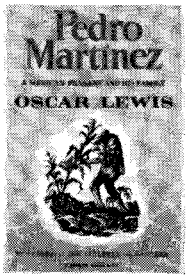

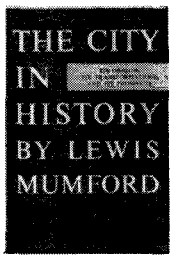

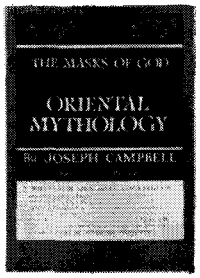

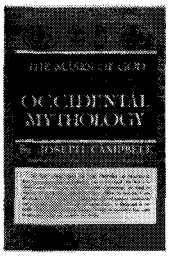

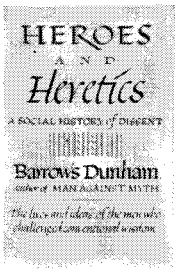

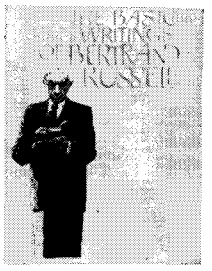

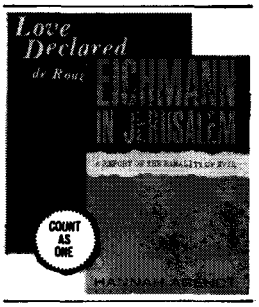

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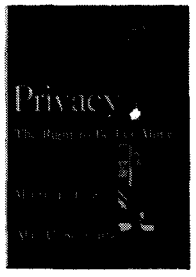

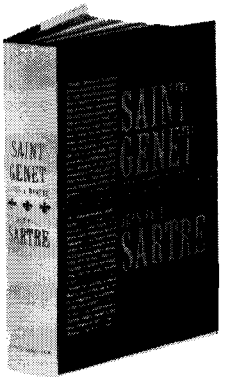

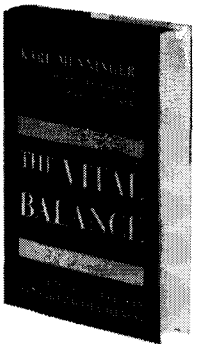

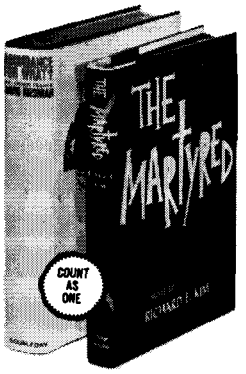

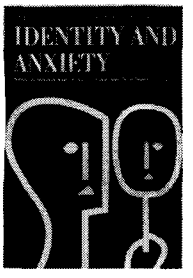

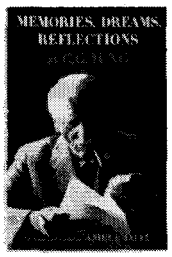

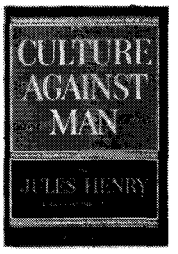

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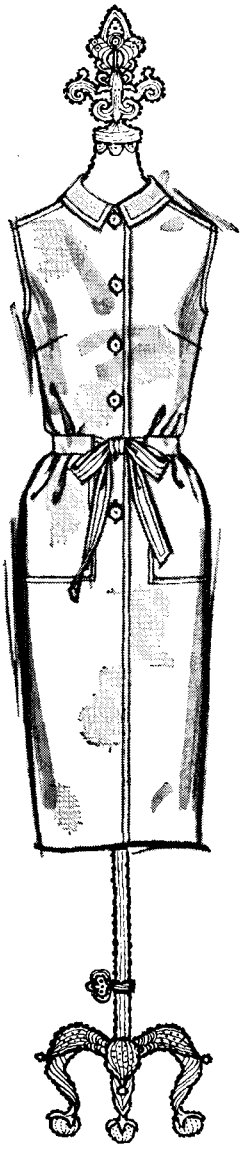

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Natural History

Edited by Martin Levin

Evolution

If I had stumbled on the stairs of life
I might be an amoebum,*
Or if I'd learned to swim and dive
Perhaps some sort of sea bum.

If fins had changed to wings, oh then
I should have left the ocean
And soaring through a sea of air
Exulted in the motion.

I might have been a lizard, or
A tiger on the Niger,
Or even a baboon perhaps—
One hardly could go higher.

Unless—ah, could it even be
That I should rise to human?
It wouldn't matter then to me
If I were man or woman.

Though woman's highest of the high
And doubtless far more charmin',
I'd settle to be just a man—
And all this thanks to Darwin!

—BRADFORD SMITH.

The Hare and the . . .

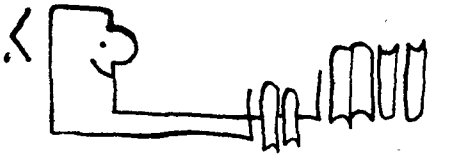
"IS a hare a rabbit?" people keep asking. Yes and no. Rabbit is native to southern Europe and Africa and his name comes from the Walloons, a kind of Dutch folk who live away from those two theres. Mr. Partridge, a brilliant etymologist, says that rabbet, to cut a bevel, comes from rabbit. No, it comes from rabot, a carpenter's plane. Or maybe he has it the other way around. He's wrong anyway because the rabbit comes from where I said and is mainly sort of brown. The hare is mainly sort of gray. They are both technically mammals for the same reasons the rest of the mammals are, but they're also rodents. To me, anyway. Squirrels are, same as tomatoes are fruits. Remarks such as these seldom cause a reader to look anything up, unless it's some other magazine.

Funny thing, the hare actually is a member of a bunch of animals which resemble one another to a great extent, *excluding* rabbits.

There are no hares in Madagascar.

For the sentence that follows I am indebted to the late Richard Lydekker, F.R.S., F.Z.S., member of the Geological Staff of the Survey of India, 1874-82, and I'm not kidding one bit. "In Assam there is a small spiny hare with the habits of a rabbit." He doesn't say *which* rabbit, of course, but he's done very well with what facts he had to work with.

The English eat something called jugged hare. Or potted rabbit. They do this to break up the monotony of Brussels sprouts and a sickly sweet called "trifle." The Germans (or, *many* Germans, since it's not nice to generalize



too much) have an entrée called hasenpfeffer, for which, to begin with, they have to catch a rabbit. To say that the resultant is "better" or "worse" than jugged rabbit would be sheer emotionalism and has no place here.

It is supposed by reputable students of life, as we put up with it, that rabbits have some place in the ecology but up till late yesterday, the slaughter of millions of dear bunnies in Australia hasn't changed anything very much; killing mosquitoes is a pretty good parallel. Whatever it is that lives by ingesting cottontails simply won't be missed.

. . . Tortoise

IT OFTEN SEEMS that the slower movers among us live longer. Br'er Elephant can knock off seventy years. Br'er Housefly sometimes doesn't finish out the day. But Br'er Giant Tortoise can make it to 150. He's a slow mover, of course, and in 150 years accomplishes about as much as the Duke of Windsor.

It may be hard to believe but there are no giant tortoises in Madagascar. In contradiction to the hare, *q.v.*, there *used* to be, but they was all et by sailormen.

Turtle soup is made only of female turtles and is eaten by practically nobody. Probably the worst thing that can be said about it is that it *tastes* like turtle soup.

Since these funny little fellows have no voices it's hard to say just how they communicate. Or even if they want to.

Author's note: *Poetic license No. 304,596. The singular is actually amoeba, pl. amoebae.

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The chances are great that there's not much real news in turtledom. (Turtles are tortoises that prefer to stay in water most of the time. This may or may not have something to do with the lack of news.)

All the tortoiseshell you see these days is plastic, and that isn't much news.

Marylanders eat terrapin when they feel like it. It's turtle.

—HENRY MORGAN.

Gift of the Magi

LUTE PEASE, who won the Pulitzer Prize for cartooning when he was eighty, died last August at the age of ninety-four. Reading his obituary in the *New York Times*, I saw Lute, in my mind's eye, stopping at my desk as he often did, when we were both working for *The Newark News*, to extol Winslow Homer's seascapes and to deplore contemporary painting and literature. The obituary also evoked memories of Lute's big black cigars, his vigorous dignity, his bone-cracking handclasp—and his O. Henry story.

In his youth, Lute had rushed to the Klondike to muck and moil for gold. Then he gravitated Southward to become an editor of the *Pacific Monthly*. Restless, and lured by desire to work with Frank Munsey, he decided to go to New York.

He obtained an interview with Munsey, during which the following occurred:

We were sitting there talking, Lute told me, when a messenger sent by O. Henry came in.

"Mr. Porter would like an advance of $50, Mr. Munsey," the messenger said.

"What? Again? I just gave him another one. What is it this time? What does he need $50 for now?"

"He didn't say," the messenger said.

"Well, if he didn't say, you can tell him I said no! He owes me five stories now. You go tell him: No advance unless I know what he wants it for."

The messenger left and I had to listen to Munsey rant and rave about O. Henry for about ten minutes. We had barely begun talking about me again when the messenger returned.

"Mr. Porter told me to give you this," the messenger said, and handed Munsey an envelope.

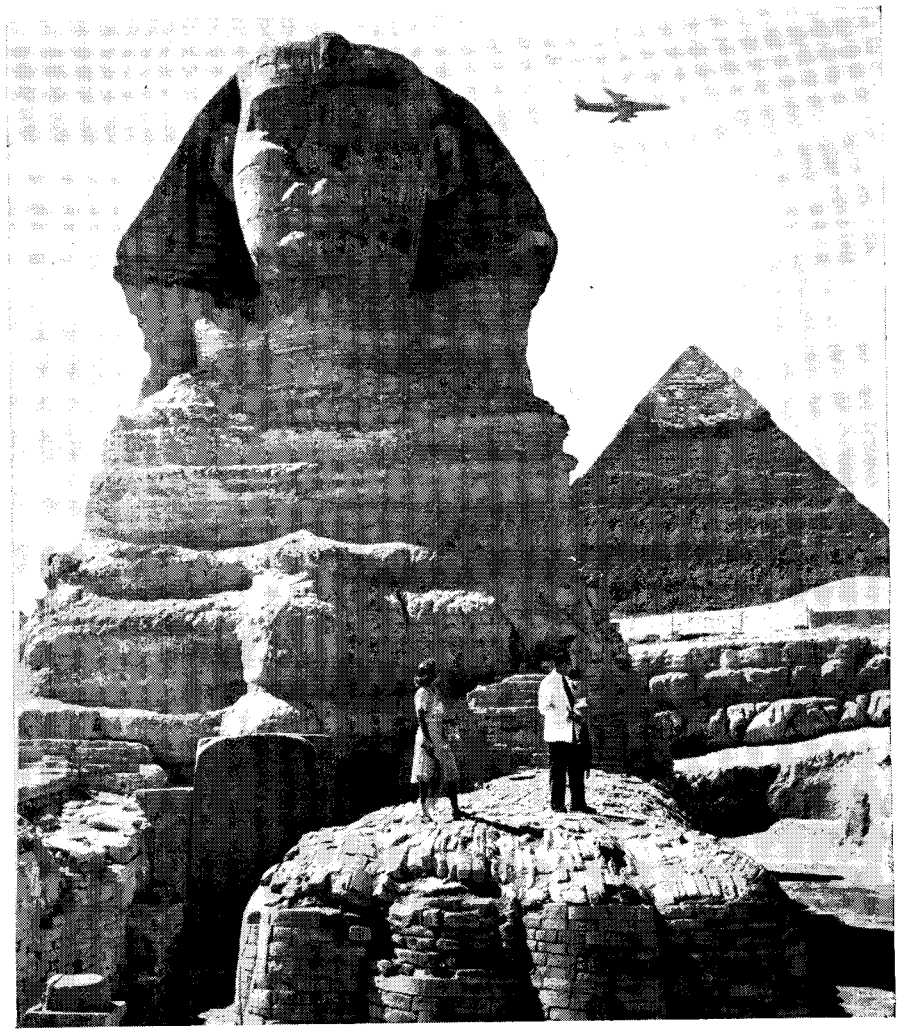
Munsey took the envelope and held it up to the light. It looked empty. He shook it. No sound. He ripped open one end of the envelope and looked inside. Nothing. He held the envelope with its open end pointed downward and shook it again.

A long blond hair slid out.

"All right," Munsey said.

And O. Henry got the $50.

—DAVID STEINBERG.



The Sphinx and Pyramids at Giza

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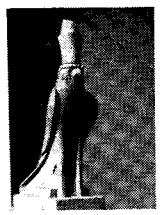

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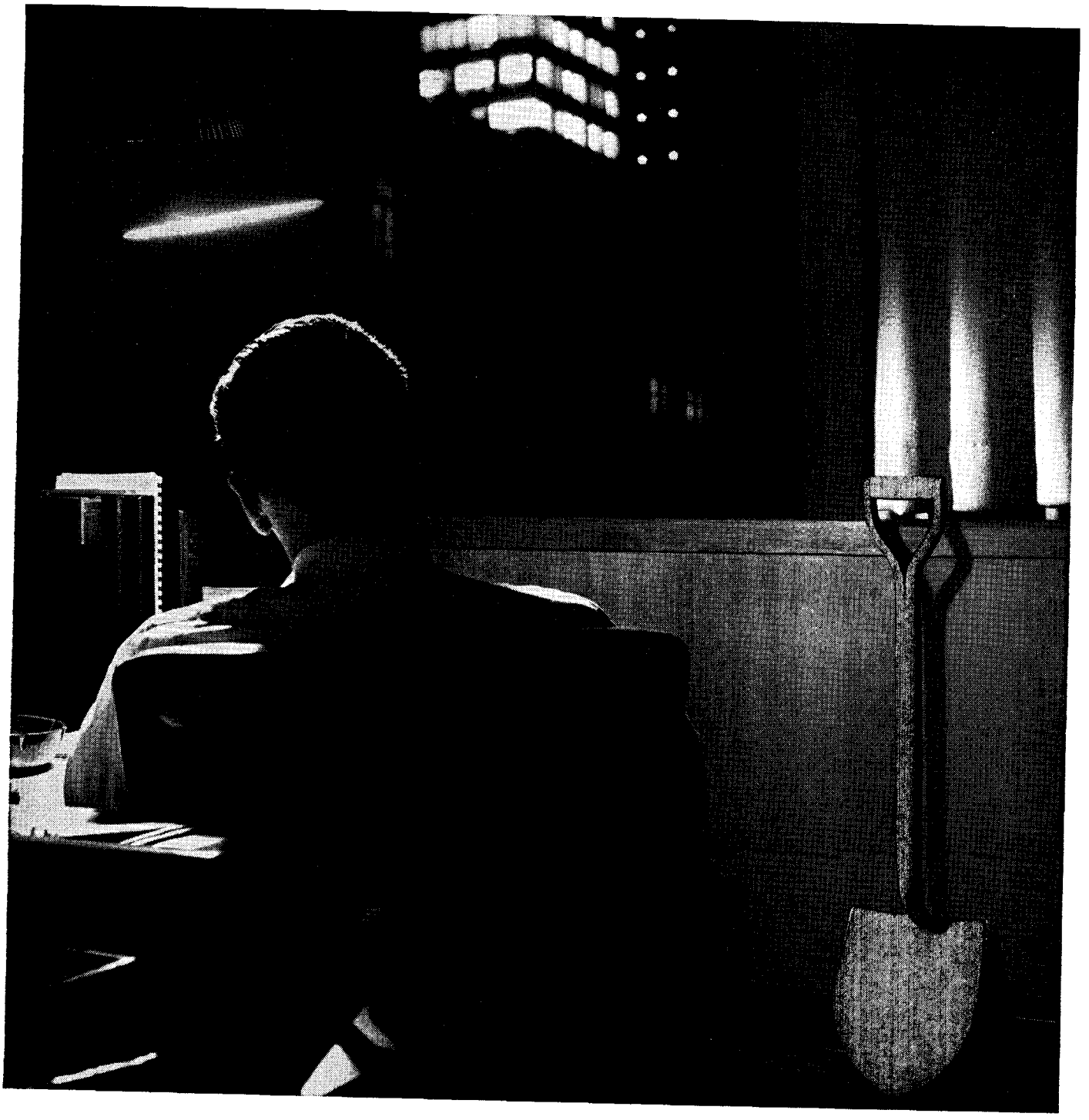

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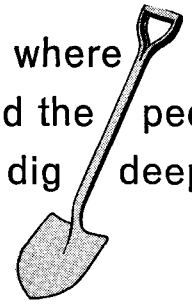

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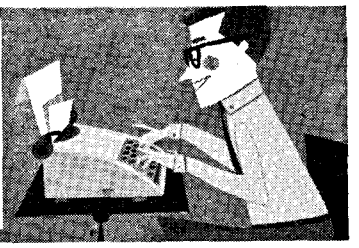
Top of My Head



Dialogue in a Taxi

I STOOD in the rain as the cab drew up to the curb to unload a lady complete with shopping bag, something wrapped in a newspaper, a large empty picture frame, and, of course, the black leather pocketbook. As the driver pulled the flag, the lady suddenly became aware she would have to pay for the trip.

There followed a shifting of packages until she opened the black leather pocketbook. After some search and some dialogue, which I could not hear because of the rain's beating a sharp tattoo on my tin ear, she searched the black leather pocketbook again and came up with the small change purse. There was a lengthy pause for small change identification, and, with the aid of an abacus, a counting out of small change, and some more dialogue, the transaction was finally consummated.

Now she snapped the change purse shut and put it back in the black leather pocketbook along with several tissues that had escaped during the deal, folding each tissue carefully. Following which, there was a reshuffling of the packages; then, opening the taxi door, she hoisted herself out into the rain, hoisting aloft the empty picture frame so that for one brief instant I was a portrait of *Wet Man Waiting in Rain for Woman to Pay Fare and Get Out So He Can Get In.*

As we pulled away, the driver had one succinct comment. "Women!" I couldn't have phrased it better myself. I intoned a reverent amen. "Women," he continued, "they're all alike. First she asks me if I got change for a ten-spot. When I tell her no, she gets mad. I tell her, 'This ain't a bank, lady. I just started hacking.' So she looks through her purse for the change—forty five cents. Then she says, will I take pennies. Women!"

"I suppose there was no tip," I said.

"Tip!" he shouted. "I was glad to get rid of her. She even give me three pennies instead of five. Women! They're all alike."

I clucked sympathetically, asked him to take me to Penn Station, and we drove in silence. As we skittered down Seventh Avenue, a Negro chauffeur in a limousine cut in on us. Having started the day two cents loser with his first fare, my man was in no mood to be cut in on.

"Those g— d— n— —they're all alike," he said.

"Yeh?" I said, "How about Jackie Robinson?"

"Yeh, him, too."

"How about Ralph Bunche?"

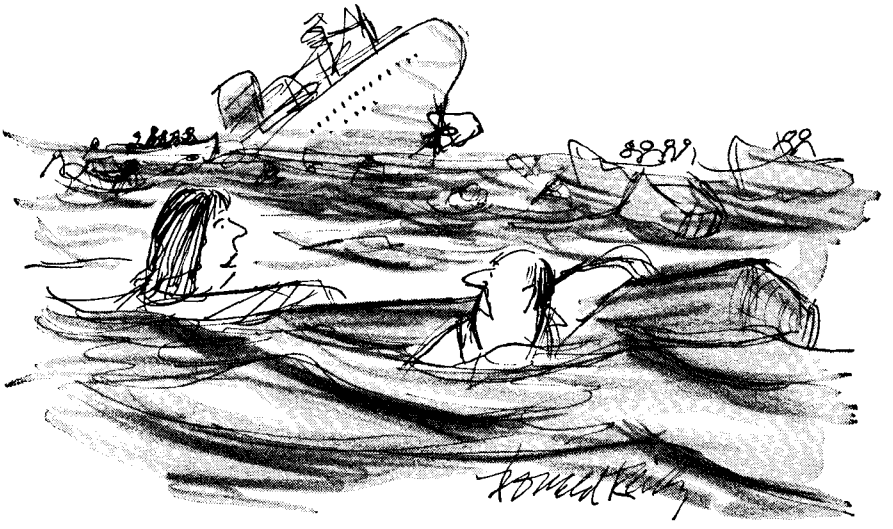
"Who?"

"I don't think you ought to blame a whole race on what one man does, do you?"

"Ah, they're alike," he said. "Look at all them street demonstrations, and them marches, and all that."

"Well, they want equal rights."

(*Continued on page* 52)



"Now which is the flotsam and which is the jetsam?"

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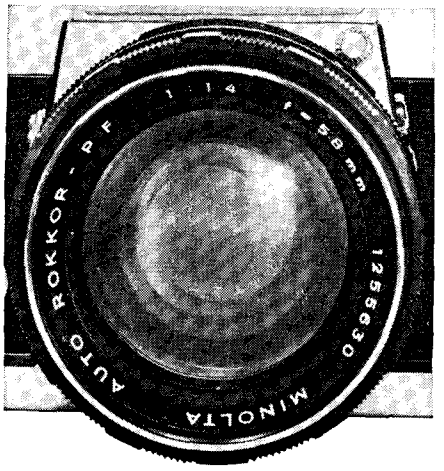

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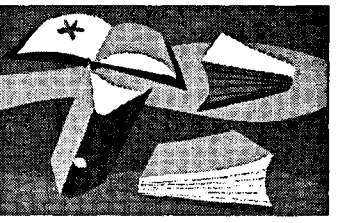
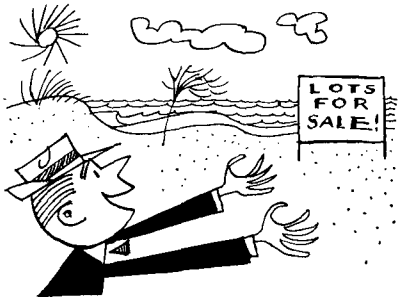
Trade Winds



I've already spent a day at the New York World's Fair. I entered the Danish Pavilion, which conjures up the appeal of that country with a display of arts, crafts, and the pleasant smell of some kind of wood. I entered the restaurant and sat at a table. Some waiters chatted with each other in their native tongue. The atmosphere was compelling. One of the Danes detached himself and approached. As he handed out the menu he greeted us cheerfully: "Howdy, folks!"



About ten years ago a writer and television producer named Leland Cooley and his wife were talked into buying some lots along the deserted beaches of Fire Island. Today the lots are worth about twenty times what the Cooleys paid for them. They are in the midst of booming summer resort colonies, within sight of the Empire State Building, an easy trip from Manhattan, and on one of the greatest beaches in the world.

A few years later the Cooleys sold some of that property at a good profit and used the money to buy some acreage near Stuart, Florida. And today that land is worth much more than they paid for it. In 1958 the Cooleys moved back to California after a long absence. They began seeking similar opportunities in which they could purchase undeveloped land that would increase in value. They've been successful.

Now we can all look back and see what we should have done. But is there any way we can look ahead, as this couple did, and make some smart move? Fortunately, Leland Cooley and his wife, Lee Cooley, have given all the secrets in their new book, *The Simple Truth About Western Land Investment* (Doubleday). It's got something to do with strip cities, people pressure, water, and the fact that if land isn't precious now, it will be later. All you have to do is figure it out properly and you can't lose.

On his recent trip to New York to publicize his book, Lee Cooley had time to buy an option on some suburban land where onions are now being grown. Where is it? Don't ask me; there are some secrets he won't reveal.

Speaking of signs in Oriental English, here are some found by Elizabeth Stein in the Tokyo hotel where she stayed:

"There is a nice lobby on the second floor. Please have more relax up there."

On a receptacle: "Please Waste Here."

On a bell at the bedside table: "Right Away Boy."

At a hook on wall: "Place key here after using door."

The power was off in a German city for much longer than it should have been. On a weekend, when the local electric generator was manned by automation, the juice failed. As planned, an automatic telephone call immediately was made from the power plant to the home of the engineer, and a taped voice reported that there was a malfunction.

Unfortunately, the telephone was answered by another taped voice which said that the number had been changed and asked the caller to check Information for the new number. Apparently these taped voices passed the buck back and forth for quite some time before someone put the lights on again.

I understand that Picasso has painted 350 canvases in a recent ten-month period. I also heard that Sophocles had written more than 100 plays (of which only half a dozen are extant). And I read that the Englishman John Creasey has written more than 380 books, using thirteen names.

I can only conclude that such canvases, plays, and books are hastily and poorly executed, or else it is rather easy to produce canvases, plays, and books. Or both.

There are dozens of self-help books on games and sports published by Cornerstone Library. I shall deal here with *Baseball: How to Play and Understand It*, by Don Schiffer. The official rules of the game are reproduced in an appendix. It makes fascinating reading, especially Rule 7-9f, which states that if a

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base runner tries to break up a double play, not only is he out but so is the batter. So how come the runners keep sliding into second, trying to kick over the fielder who is relaying the ball to first base, and the umpire doesn't call it?

Sharps and Flats: A New Mexico State University professor, Edward O. Thorp, wrote a book called *Beat the Dealer,* which told how to gain a favorable percentage over the house in a game of blackjack, or 21. Not long ago the Las Vegas casinos changed some of the rules to correct this flaw in the system. But Thorp says the odds are still 52-48 for the player who reads his book. Not only that, but he's readying another book on how to win at roulette. Things are looking up for the suckers.

► Nobody seems to have pointed out that *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* was written by an author whose pseudonym, translated into English, means John the Square.

► And Elinor Kamath, reading Pamela Johnson's *Night and Silence, Who Is Here?* found it had been translated into English, too. A line on page 27 went, "[He] pushed a packet of Marlboroughs at Matthew."

► They're having trouble naming the old folks. "Senior citizens" is bad enough, but on the West Coast there's a club of them called "keen-agers." Ouch!

► I'm still looking for someone who read *Ship of Fools* and wasn't bored or unable to finish it.

► During National Library Week the Greensboro (North Carolina) *Daily News* ran this headline: "Reading Popular, Say Librarians."

► When the National Maritime Union moved into its new headquarters in New York the *Herald Tribune* referred to the modern building as "striking." —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1571)

B. J. Widick:

LABOR TODAY: (THE TRIUMPHS AND FAILURES OF UNIONISM) IN THE U.S.

Education has a low priority in unions. One reason is the self-satisfaction of union leaders with themselves and their programs. Who needs educating? But a more substantial reason is fear that education may make their members ambitious rivals for their own jobs.

As It Happens:

The speculation in Curtis stock is a lesson for publishers. The way to run a successful magazine operation is to buy land that might be rich in minerals.

CORE plans to picket both political conventions. For the first time there will be demonstrations outside as well as in.

Producers are busy preparing for the summer theater. They're signing actors, writing ads, buying insecticides.

The *Times Book Review* finds that many writers begin before dawn and finish around ten, when the mail arrives. It's difficult to concentrate after receiving a rejection slip.

Almost overnight upper Madison Avenue has become one long art gallery. If the lower part cooperated with the upper, paintings would go like Wheaties.

With automation it is predicted that by 1970 the elevator boy will be a thing of the past. Everybody will have to read the newspapers to find out what the weather's like.

Almost everything on the current social calendar is for a cause. To function in high society one must have a Social Register *and* a list of charities approved by the Internal Revenue Service.

The fight for higher federal salaries is being led by President Johnson, Speaker McCormack, and Senator Hayden, who collectively have been in government more than 100 years. They maintain the wage scale can't keep good men in Washington.

Soon orators will tell outgoing students the world belongs to them. Way things are, that's a pretty cheesy graduation gift.

The Republicans complain President Johnson has been making so many nonpolitical trips he has no time for government.

The amount of alcohol consumed in Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast* puzzles one correspondent. He wonders why it wasn't titled *A Portable Bar.*

—Fred Sparks.

"The hand that held the dagger..."

. . . has struck it into the back of its neighbor." The man whose wanton entry into World War II aroused FDR to these scathing words comes to life in Mussolini: A Study in Power, a carefully documented, excitingly readable, complete biography by Ivone Kirkpatrick, distinguished British diplomat—frequently on the scene of the events.

Rave reviews from all quarters . . .

". . . comes closer to establishing a fundamental credibility in Mussolini's weird story than anything we have yet seen . . . this book, both solid and brilliant, makes any other version unlikely in our time."
—VINCENT SHEEAN, BOOK WEEK

"It must certainly be accounted the definitive life of Mussolini in English—and what a life it was . . . many Americans will read it with fascination alongside William Shirer's The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich."
—NED CALMER, SATURDAY REVIEW

"This is a brilliant and sophisticated portrayal . . . a magnificent job . . . I wish I had had this volume . . . when I began my thirteen years . . . as the New York Herald Tribune's Rome bureau chief."—BARRETT McGURN, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

". . . long and carefully documented biography . . . strengthened by his knowledge of the intrigues and conflicts which were hidden from the newspaper-reading public . . . strongly recommended."
—GILBERT HIGHET, BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

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Design in America

IN this issue *Saturday Review* considers American design, but does not pretend to offer a definitive report. Certain timely aspects are discussed by specialists in the field. Walter Dorwin Teague, himself a well-known designer, lists what he considers the twenty best designs since World War II. His personal choice ranges from automobiles to ski poles, from American towel racks to Soviet pistols, from jet planes to Eames chairs, from Italian typewriters to Italian toilets. Wolf Von Eckardt, perceptive critic of modern art and architecture, writes about the present situation in Washington. He is concerned that the high quality of recent design projects for the capital will evaporate if supported only by lip service and political expediency. The "mausoleumlike super-temple" approved for the Kennedy Cultural Center amply reinforces his pessimism. The extraordinary renaissance in college and university architecture is explored by Vincent Scully, distinguished professor, History of Art Department at Yale who uses his own expanding campus as a focus, comparing new buildings by Louis I. Kahn, Paul Rudolph, the late Eero Saarinen, Paul Schweikher, Philip Johnson, and Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. The curse of fake Gothic turrets that so long symbolized higher American educational institutions is at last on the way out. From Arthur Drexler, Director of Architecture and Design at the Museum of Modern Art, comes an investigation of the influence contemporary technology exerts on our visual life. In his article, "The Disappearing Object," he questions the external validity of design today, observing that perhaps "the design of an appliance may . . . be required to provide only an acceptable box. . . . It may even be that the proper subject of good design is the machine itself, not the things it can make." It will be noted that one of the outstanding works in contemporary architecture, the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, receives no treatment in this issue. Full honors to Mr. Philip Johnson's achievement were paid in *Saturday Review* but a few weeks ago (April 25). Inevitably, the New York World's Fair comes in for its share of comment in the world of design. If Pop Art died here, as Katharine Kuh, Art Editor of *SR*, points out, so, too, did many American dreams of better design.

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THE DISAPPEARING OBJECT

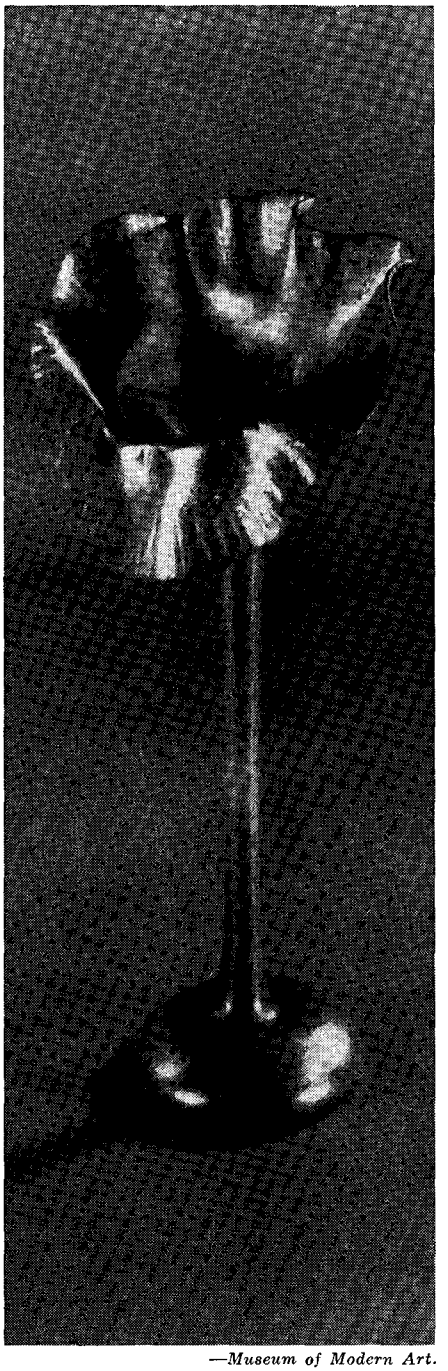
By ARTHUR DREXLER

ACROSS the United States, schools are training young people to design good-looking and useful objects. Magazines and books document each new design effort and predict tomorrow's improvements. Museums collect and exhibit the best-designed objects. Designing now ranges from teaspoons to skyscrapers. With all this effort it is remarkable that so many of the things we handle and so many of the buildings we live in should be so ugly.

There are, of course, differences of opinion about what constitutes ugliness, just as there are differences in people's capacities to respond to it. Especially in cities, people are seldom conscious of how much energy they spend in blocking out the thousands of irritating images their eyes bring them; rather than sharpen their visual perceptions, they try in self-defense not to see, and often not to hear.

Physiological considerations aside, unless we believe that a moral advantage attaches to the heightening of the esthetic sense, there is no reason why we should want every useful thing to be beautiful. There are many reasons why we should want to simplify and even rid ourselves of objects altogether, the beautiful as well as the ugly.

The dominant esthetic of modern design was clarified in the 1920s by the Bauhaus and related groups. It employs a form language of simple geometric shapes clearly independent of each other; smoothness and precision of finish; a high polish that obliterates any sign of the instrument that fashioned the object; and a religious avoidance of applied ornament with its connotations of personal idiosyncrasy. Much Bauhaus design, despite its concern with function, produced not ashtrays, lamps, and chairs but collections of geometric shapes that could incidentally be used as ashtrays, lamps, and chairs. The Style was meant to transcend mere style. Its rationale was that simple geometric shapes were best suited to machine production, despite the fact that machines can equally well produce the most complicated configurations of eighteenth-century design, as they still do.



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

Favrile glass vase, designed by Louis G. Tiffany.

It is true that the most diverse functions can be accommodated with surprisingly few shapes. Most of the objects we use, including such things as typewriters, telephones, and radios, can be housed in cubes or cylinders. The introduction of angles and compound curves is often gratuitous and sometimes extravagant. The quantity of objects now necessary to our daily lives makes it desirable that they should be easily stored; a compact mass is to be preferred to an interesting protrusion. But while most of us would be suspicious of an electric typewriter to which scrollwork decoration had been applied, we readily accept decoration when it comes disguised as a functional element, like a sculpturally shaped handle or the complicated modeling of the typewriter housing itself. Tailfins on automobiles, we may recall, were advertised as "beautiful and functional, too," but automobile design takes us out of the realm of esthetics into psychotherapy.

One implication of the Bauhaus esthetic is that the more closely an object approximates a single geometric figure, the more perfect the design. Carried to its Platonic conclusion, there can finally be but one design for any given kind of object, and no single object can claim to be more important or more beautiful than any other. Departures from this ideal of geometric purity would be not beautiful or interesting but merely peculiar, and the kind of variation for its own sake that characterizes the work of Louis Tiffany and the Art Nouveau movement of the turn of the century would be abhorrent.

It is not surprising that this point of view is often found disagreeably repressive, even dictatorial, by those who confuse an esthetic with other kinds of experience. There was good reason to believe that the recent wave of enthusi-

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asm for Art Nouveau flamboyance would mark a significant change in attitude, but instead, within the last few years, most of the abstract, angular, chrome-plated metal furniture of the Twenties has been restored to production; apparently enough people want it. Versions of the cantilevered steel chair designed by Marcel Breuer while he was an instructor at the Bauhaus in 1928 are now made in Statesville, South Carolina, as well as in Germany and Switzerland, and the most interesting new furniture recapitulates, with better materials and techniques, the major ideas of the Twenties. Its heavier scale echoes the current preoccupations of architects who are trying to escape the limitations of the thin glass box—another confining abstraction. All things considered, and notwithstanding efforts to escape, the standards of design applied to most useful objects in the 1960s are still dominated by the Bauhaus esthetic.

REALITY is more complicated than these or any other standards of design would suggest. For us, reality includes the fact that we live in a welter of conflicting attitudes toward what is beautiful and that no one seriously believes in the value of the things we make. Why should I cherish my television set? Why should I want an object like a billboard to be well designed? And in any case, standards of design still current pertain not to the object itself but to the package that most often simply encloses and protects it. The object is no longer even a finite thing; it is merely one element in a system, like a telephone, and what makes it work successfully is the coherence of a system whose invisible forces are removed from me in space and time. The company that makes the telephones must tear up whole streets in order to install them. The telephone is a prodigy of engineering; the street, and indeed the whole city, is archaic. We live with overlapping and conflicting technologies. The chaos of the man-made world is due as much to this as to anything else.

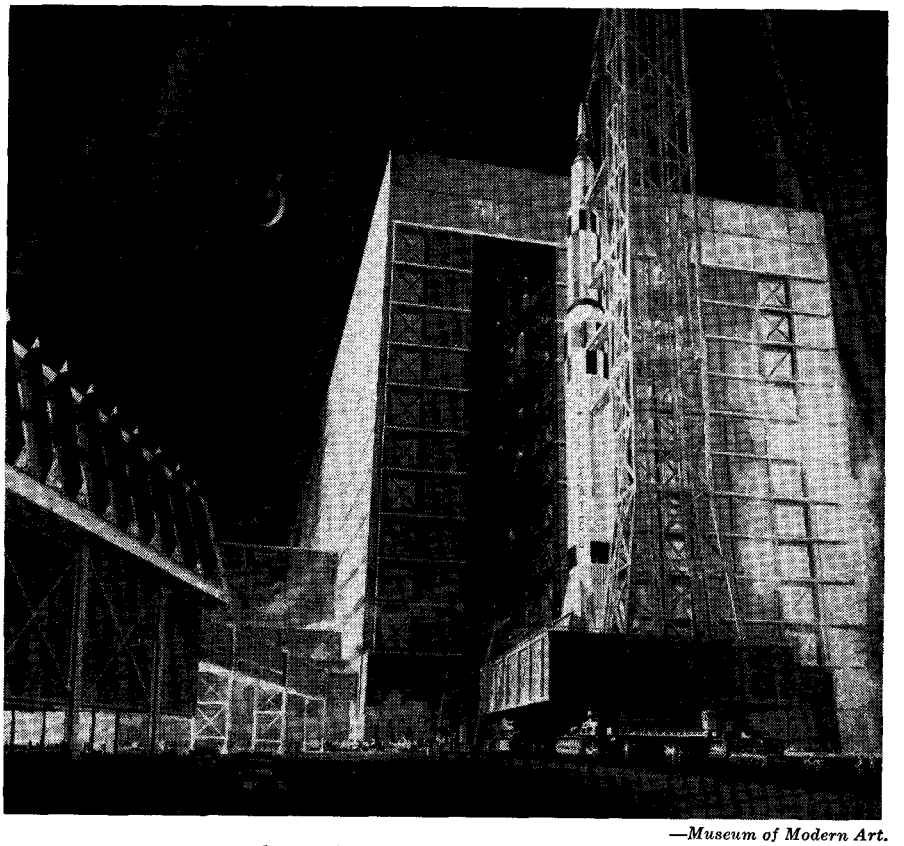
Daily life affords endless examples of these discordant technological juxtapositions, and all of us are able to live with them. But once in a while a change in routine, like a trip to another city, reveals with head-splitting force the sheer weight of confusion available to us. A good place to visit for this educational purpose is Cape Kennedy: the space program may be expected to illustrate some of the most subtle technology we have, and the town of Cocoa Beach is a representative American achievement.

A visit to Cape Kennedy probably begins with a trip to the nearest airport, but in order to get to it you must first work your way out of the city. The automobile in which you ride is technically as obsolete as the network of roads on which it travels. At the airport, if it is new and large, you will find an outdoor exhibition comprising two basic architectural styles: the impersonal bulk product, modular and glassy, for routine functions and less affluent clients; and the dramatic, usually sculptural and curvilinear, creations meant to put forward a unique presence, or corporate image. The two styles juxtaposed are considered to enhance each other, and sometimes they do.

Once inside the airplane, you enter the pattern of a higher technology than that of the roads, vehicles, and buildings you have just used. Tons of material will hurtle through the air while an elaborate network of machines records your progress and guides your pilot, and for this reason the bland colors and textures, the smartness of an occasional decorative mural, and the insipid recorded music are designed to avoid offense rather than to please. Barring an act of God, no impression other than what may be derived from the available magazines will mar the blank interlude between departure and arrival.

From the Orlando airport to Cocoa Beach stretches a landscape so flat that there is nothing to call monotonous. But at intervals the road is bordered by what might seem to be a continuous filling station were it not interrupted by motels. The filling stations are neither buildings nor machines but a continuation of both categories. The billboard rather than the roof, and the revolving sign rather than the column, are the constructed elements that most forcefully impinge on one's consciousness. The motels revert to the manipulation of architectural elements for a purpose and with a language we all understand: it denotes the security of affluence and the reassurance of the new.

AT Cocoa Beach the highway becomes the main street. Since everyone rides, there are no paved sidewalks. The motels offer swimming pools and restaurants whose lavishly fanciful "themes" distinguish the place you are in from the place next door. Your room, on the other hand, subsides into the universal inoffensiveness of airplane decor, although it appears safe enough. No single object is memorable in shape or color (to be memorable is to be extreme), but this does not exclude the possibility of authentic ugliness. No single piece of furniture is either comfortable or uncomfortable. Everything works, but only the requirements of personal hygiene have been anticipated



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

Vertical Assembly Building, NASA, Cape Kennedy.

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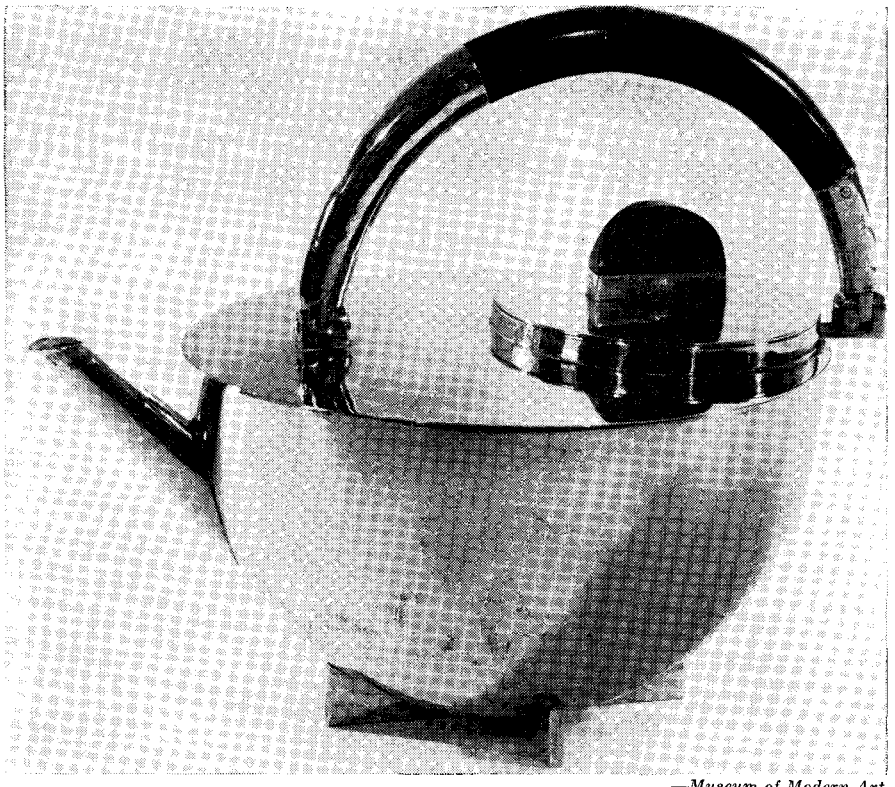

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

Teapot by Marianne Brandt, 1924.

with something approaching pleasure.

A visit to the NASA site begins with a preliminary stop at a security clearance station, housed in utilitarian nonarchitecture of the earliest airport style. NASA has by this time acquired some 87,000 acres. The distances you must traverse are so large and the land is so flat that even the low scrub growth succeeds in screening most of the launching sites until you are close enough to observe the conventionally cluttered skeletal forms of their towers. But to expect of the tower itself the precision of design found in the missile or vehicle it services is to miss the point. The tower is accessory to the short-lived object it accommodates, like the guillotine to its victim.

THIS is already the explanation for the emerging character of what will surely be one of the most curious buildings in the world. The Saturn V rocket, designed to propel a three-man vehicle to the moon, will stand 380 feet high, and unlike earlier models it will have to be assembled in a closed and clean space. For this purpose NASA is constructing a steel box that will enclose the largest volume of space in the world: the Vertical Assembly Building. Its 125,000,000 cubic feet will allow four Saturn V rockets to be assembled simultaneously. Each of the four assembly bays will be equipped with sectional "doors" that rise to the roof to make an opening 456 feet high and 76 feet wide, through which it will be possible to move either a Saturn V rocket or the New York Hilton Hotel. Indeed, the latter would occupy only one-third of the interior.

The Vertical Assembly Building is an enormous hollow box, a giant loft or garage with built-in machinery on an architectural scale. Its colossal steel frame might have provided, on the exterior, a heroic gesture in the flat Florida landscape, but out of considerations for maintenance and economy the structure will be entirely sheathed in flat panels of plastic-coated aluminum, a bland package midway between commercial airport architecture and jet plane decor. Because the building must withstand hurricanes, and because poor site conditions multiply foundation problems, one might suppose that the engineers would have been tempted to solutions of elegance and originality, but this is to imagine that size and expense alter the character of the entire effort. The Vertical Assembly Building is as much an accessory as are the smaller and less spectacular launching towers. It uses some of the largest steel sections ever fabricated and its interior will undoubtedly provide us with a Piranesian vista, an interior landscape of singular intricacy and gargantuan scale. (One problem is to prevent the formation of clouds under the roof.) But it is not an end in itself. It is a superfluous object that for just this reason can be used to illustrate arguments about the advance of technology or the dehumanization of man.

That the Vertical Assembly Building is technically uninteresting and only inadvertently impressive visually is beside the point. The machines it will briefly house, and the network of interlocking systems that serve them, are more readily found beautiful. And like those machines, the Vertical Assembly Building is expendable. When its usefulness is ended it can be renovated or dismantled as easily as a New York City office building. It shares with most of our recent architecture a virtue new to us: impermanence.

ALL our artifacts and most of the buildings in which we store and use them are today distinguished increasingly by their expendability. A normal consideration in buying a house is how easily can one get rid of it. The mechanical appliances indispensable to our lives are most often criticized not for their ugliness but for being technically obsolete: we hesitate to invest in a television set, for example, if we suspect that some radical technical departure is soon to be introduced, as indeed it must be. But the hoped-for improvements in performance of these objects are usually fictitious or in the realm of opinion. Significant changes in performance are all too slow in appearing. What is a significant change? Well-designed mechanical appliances ought to function according to a clearly defined program and ought to do so as unobtrusively as possible. The televised image demands clarity before color, and there is no reason why a television set should not be as thin as a mirror hanging on the wall. A telephone ought to be light enough to pick up easily without being so light that it flies off the table when you dial a number—and why should you dial when pushbuttons are quicker and more accurate? But the more rigorously a program of use is defined, the more likely is the object itself to disappear, at least as a recognizable entity. There is no reason why a telephone must be an object of sculptured beauty and lovely pastel color. But most design today is still naïvely conditioned by the desire to make something distinguished, to make interesting what is intrinsically uninteresting. The designer of an appliance may, after all, really be required to provide only an acceptable box, as were the designers of the Vertical Assembly Building. What is inside the box is what is really interesting.

The trouble with technology is not that it dominates man, but that its mode of operation differs so drastically from one kind of activity to another. It may even be that the proper subject of good design is the machine itself, not the things it can make.

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THE TWENTY BEST INDUSTRIAL DESIGNS SINCE WORLD WAR II

By WALTER DORWIN TEAGUE

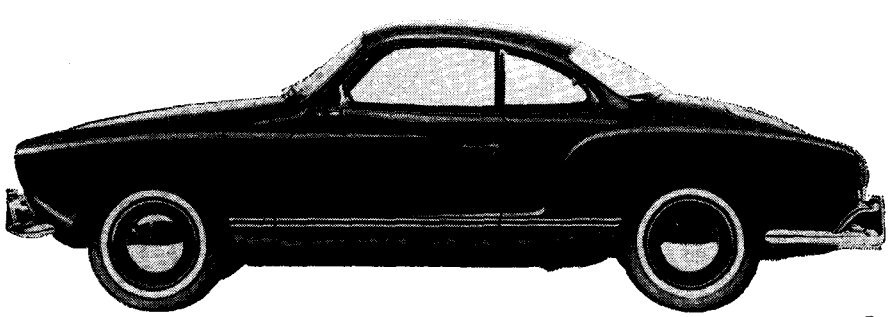
IN ANY ATTEMPT to pick "best designs," the biggest problem is to arrive at uniform criteria by which excellence can be measured. In most previous projects of this sort, the choice has been made by submitting ballots to any designers the organizers could talk into participating. In the present "contest," however, *SR*'s editors thought it might be interesting to see what designs one man would select. The only ground rules—and these were established solely to limit the field--were 1) that the products should have been designed since World War II and 2) that they should not exceed twenty-five. (The final number turned out to be twenty.)

In some ways it is easier to justify a choice when it is a personal one. After all, if I am asked why I've included a particular item, I can always say simply, "Well, I just like it." On the other hand, I found that picking twenty-five truly classic items designed since World War II was quite a challenge. I went along at a good clip until I got to about seventeen, and after that it got slower and stickier. There were several designs (I've maintained the order in which they occurred to me) that I put down without question. I remember, for instance, the first time I saw the Honda Model X sitting at a curb (I think it was in 1960 in Bermuda) and I knew immediately that there was a classic design and that it should be part of anybody's list. But after reaching twenty, I discovered that I was dragging items in with increasing reluctance. It seemed reasonable, therefore, to stop there.

Most designers, I suspect, keep a conscious or subconscious list of this kind. In any event, it is obviously a personal choice and, I hasten to add, not necessarily the choice of Walter Dorwin Teague Associates, or indeed of anyone else but me. In fact, I'm sure that some of my partners will disagree with some selections as violently as my competitors will.

An obvious question will be: "Why such a large percentage of sports items?" Fair question. This is partly personal preference, but mainly the result of the fact that more design talent is applied to sports articles than to anything else. Particularly in the United States, our leisure-time equipment is much more important to us than the everyday furniture of our lives. (This is why, perhaps, some business executives will spend considerably more time, thought, and effort in improving their golf games than in improving the techniques of their businesses.)

In any event, here are my choices:



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1. Karmann Ghia Coupe: This is a pretty obvious candidate for anyone's list. (The VW beetle is out by the ground rules—designed before World War II.) The Ghia looks just as good today, nine years later, as when it first came out.

2. Head Skis: A fashionable saying in America is, "We're pretty good when it comes to cheap mass production but you have to go back to the old country to get real craftsmanship." "Heads" are designed in the U.S. and built in the U.S. and, in spite of U.S. labor costs, high prices, and high duties, sell like hotcakes in Switzerland, Austria, and elsewhere.

3. Scott Ski Poles: Ask any good skier, whether he is French, German, Austrian, Swiss, or American, what he considers the best ski poles. He'll say "Scotty's" every time. To a non-skier this is hard to understand. They say, "What can you design in a ski pole? It's just a shaft, a strap, and a basket. Besides, those Scott things look sort of clumsy anyway." The racing skier says, "O.K., pick it up and wiggle it back and forth. [It's like wiggling a light straw.] Now look at the grip; it's got finger grips, a heavy pommel to improve the grip and lessen injuries, and it's canted forward so that when I make a slalom turn I don't have to cock my wrist as far. It's stronger than other poles and the basket is more rugged and easily replaceable. Notice the strap; it's adjustable so that I can get it to give just the right amount of support." In the five years since Scott decided to go into the pole business in Sun Valley, he has become the most copied pole manufacturer purely by fine, intelligent design and good, honest workmanship.

4. Triton Sloop: When I first walked into the 1959 boat show I had no idea of buying a new boat. Among the sailboats was a twenty-eight-foot fiberglass sloop called the Triton, made by an outfit called Pearson that no one I knew had ever heard of. I went back three times during the show, and on the fourth visit I wrote out a check for a down payment. I got Triton No. 8. Since then they have built more than 500 Tritons, a fabulous number for a cruising boat. Carl Alberg of Marblehead hit just the right combination of minimum boat with comfortable accommodations, a

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fast, delightful sailer with plenty of living room that still manages to look sleek and beautiful, in the water or out.

5. Bohn Calculator: A typical "product design" subject for an industrial designer. You couldn't redesign it for the next year's market without spoiling it.

6. Scott Paper Towel Rack: Another one that looked exactly right the day it came out. Not a useless line or contour anywhere. A real classic.

7. Honda Motorcycle: Every detail was studied to make it harmonious. You have to see it to appreciate its excellence.

8. Russian Single Shot Target Pistol; 9. Russian Autoloading Target Pistol: I first saw these in the Russian Pavilion in Vienna in 1957. They're both so terrific I put them in together. Note the peculiar low barrel on the automatic; there is no recoil lifting during rapid fire.

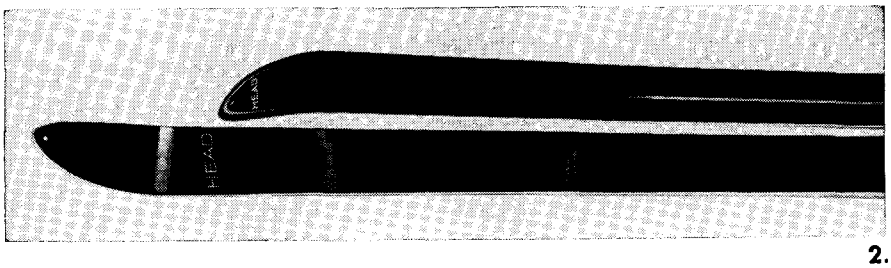
10. Questar Telescope: Another answer to the person who says we can't produce fine craftsmanship in the U.S.A. Designed and built in the little Pennsylvania town of New Hope, this beautiful little telescope is the finest instrument of its kind in the world.

11. Boston Whaler Outboard: All honest designers and real boat lovers have reveled in the meteoric success of the Boston Whaler, brought out in 1958 when, if you didn't have tailfins on your boat, you were passé. It has steadily forged ahead in sales and is now the most widely copied boat in the world. It's beautifully and honestly constructed and, although not cheap, it's worth the price.

12. Boeing 707: Here is American know-how, design, and craftsmanship in an unmistakable combination.

13. Eames Chair: This design set a trend that is still on its way. It seems like a fairly obvious design, but it had to wait until the materials were ready for it.

14. Olivetti Typewriter: Another example of how the Italian designers took off after the war.



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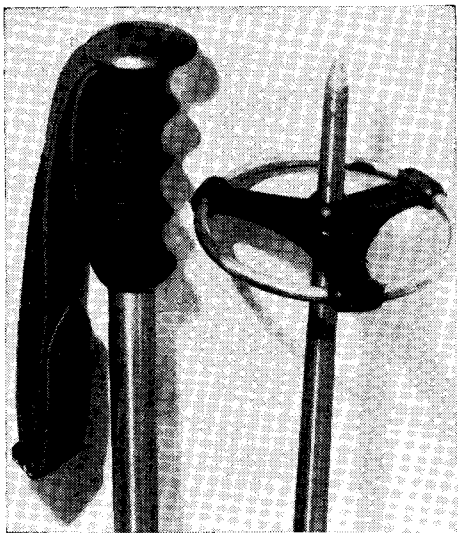

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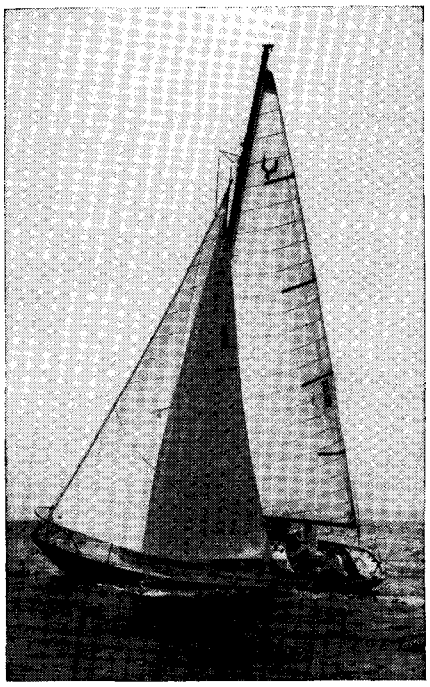

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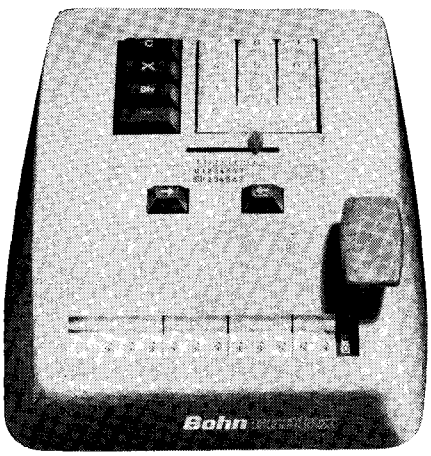

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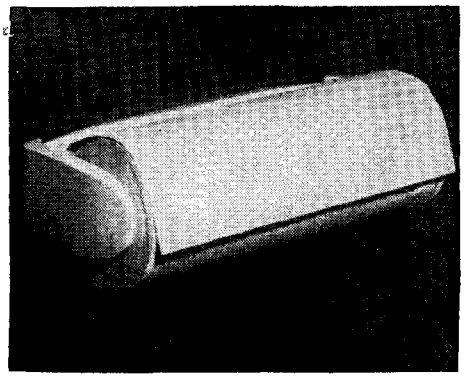

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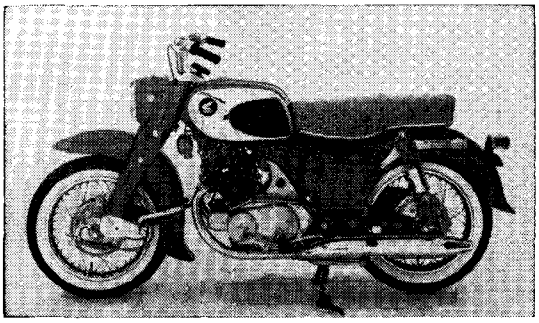

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15. Ponti Toilet: Those Italians again! If anyone has said thirty years ago that a toilet could be beautiful, he would have been laughed at. Well, I think it is.

16. Singer Vacuum Cleaner: Good design, well thought out from the "human engineering" standpoint. A fresh approach to the solution of a well-worked-over problem.

17. Porsche 904: Porsche cars are ugly in the opinion of many. But Porsche has never made any concession to current trends, and the factory still faithfully carries out the philosophy of "Let the form follow the function." This competition coupe is forty-two inches high, weighs about 1,400 pounds, and delivers about 180 horsepower with its four-cylinder air-cooled engine.

18. Wegner Chair: The problem with Scandinavian furniture is that there are so many good ones from which to choose. This was the inspiration for a whole school of furniture, a once-in-a-lifetime design.

19. Ericophone: This is a basic and clever solution to an old design problem. It's the kind of product that will grow on the user as he appreciates its convenience.

20. Carlsberg Beer Bottle: With all the talent that goes into packaging design, you'd think it would be easy to pick a candidate here. Not so—there have been good designs but no one so outstanding as to deserve to join the ranks of the twenty best. Just in time, Carlsberg came along with this new bottle. I think time will justify this selection.

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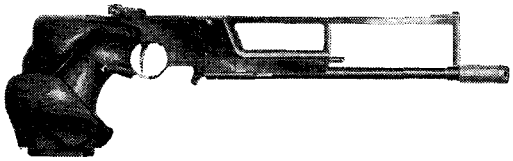

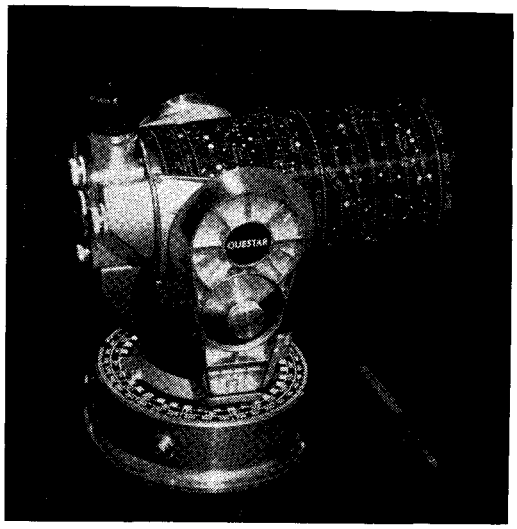

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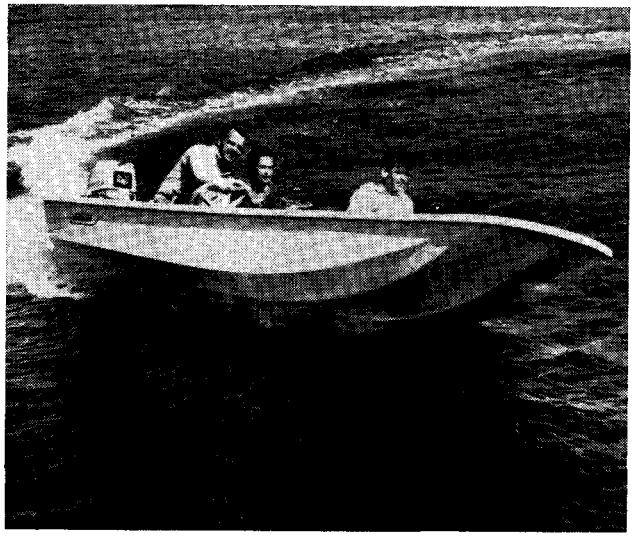

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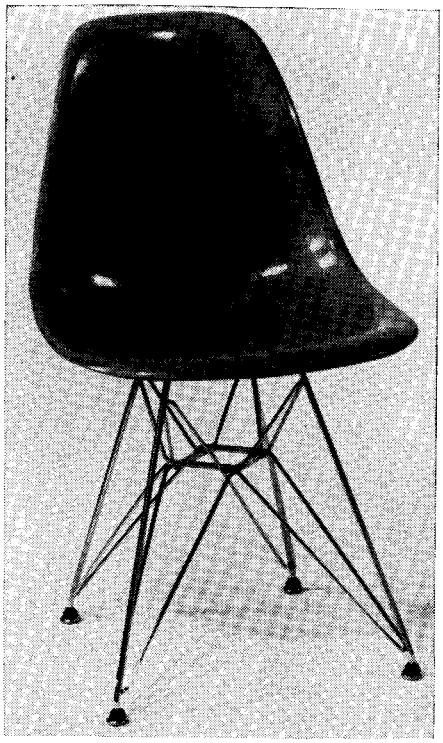

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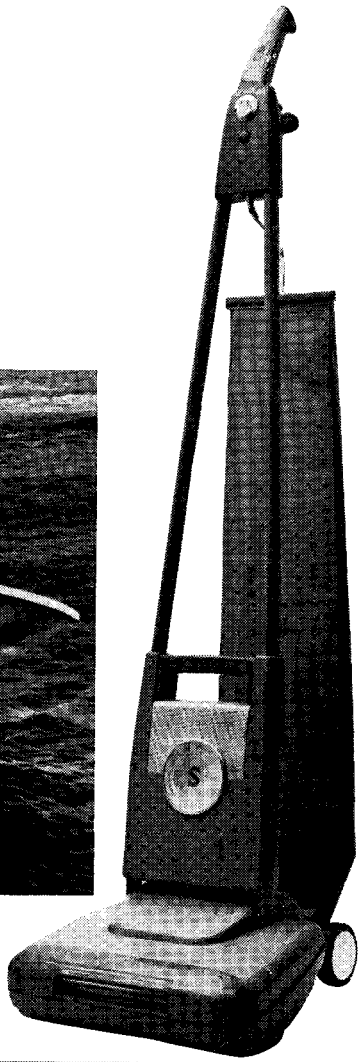

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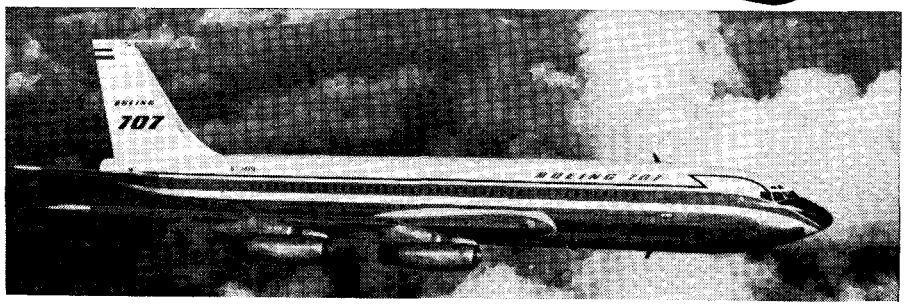

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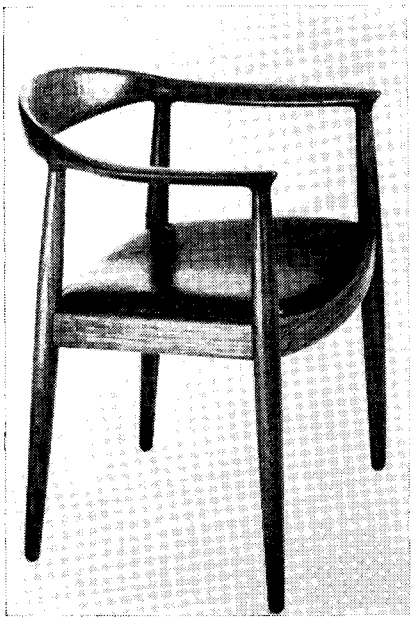

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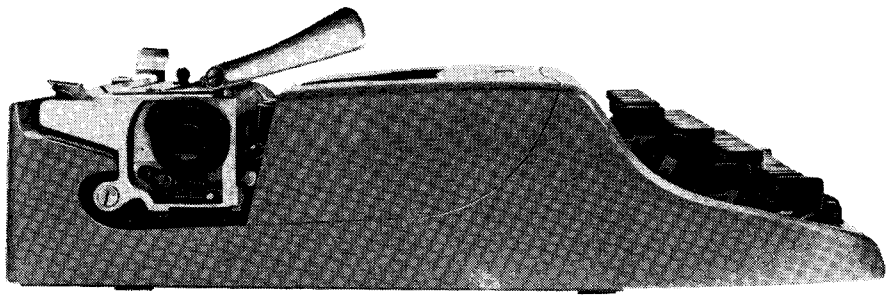

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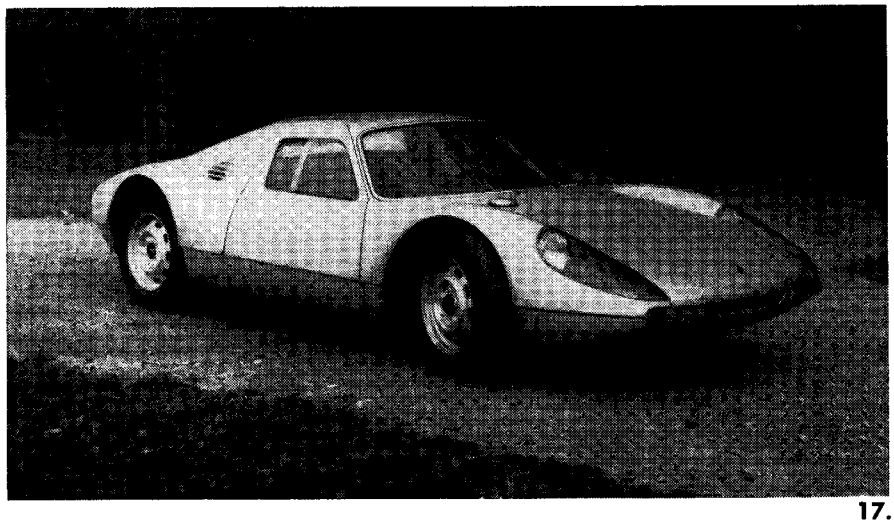

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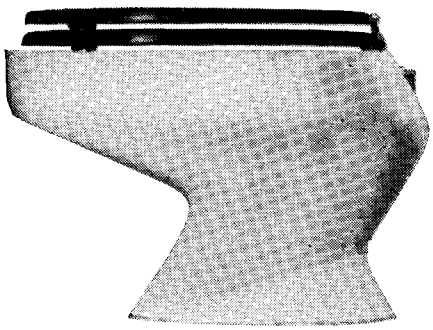

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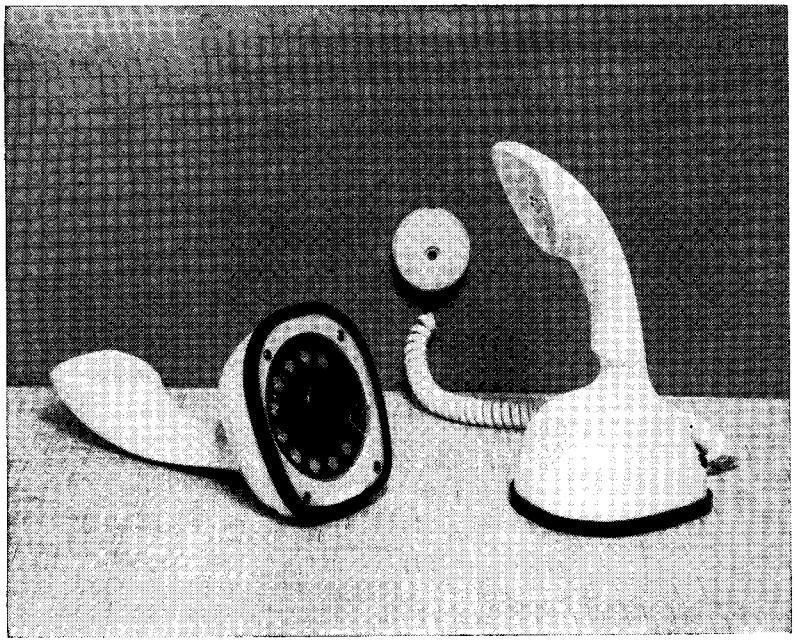

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DESIGN FOR CULTURE IN WASHINGTON

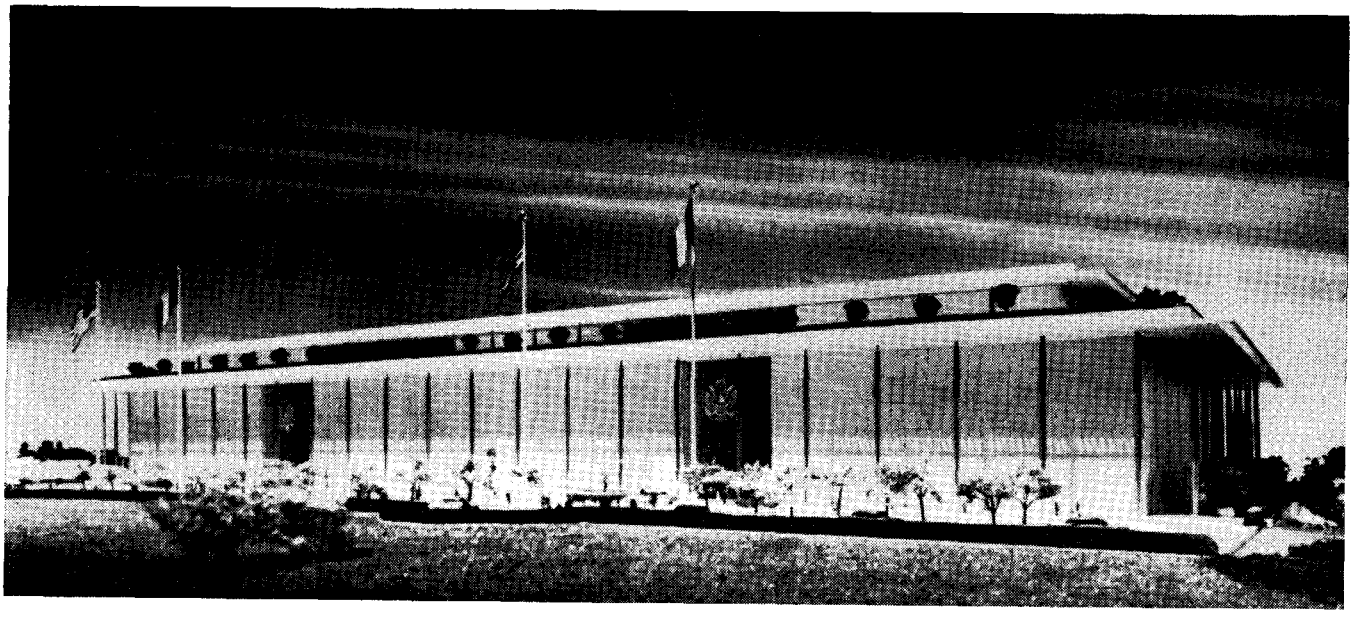
By WOLF VON ECKARDT

THE vision of John F. Kennedy was twofold. It called for judicious federal encouragement of the arts by such means as more acquisitions of contemporary paintings and sculpture for public collections, subsidies for all manner of theater, ballet, and musical performances and facilities, and medals and better tax breaks for artists. And it also called for the simple-sounding but enormously complex task of raising the quality of the many things the government is doing in the course of its normal activities. Kennedy had hoped that our posters, postage stamps, and coins, our myriad government publications and our public buildings, post offices, public housing and urban renewal projects will "represent the best our artists, designers, and builders can achieve." His particular ambition was that Washington as the nation's capital should become "to a degree, a showcase of our culture." "I want to make sure," he had said, "that the policies of government do not indirectly or unnecessarily put barriers in the way of full expression of America's creative genius."

But he had not the time in his short three years to remove most of the barriers, which are, of course, never solid, tangible obstacles. They are, rather, a tangle of bureaucratic regulations, political patronage, official indifference, and utter incomprehension. It was Kennedy's spirit, his deep personal concern, that made this thicket yield a little. Here and there he had cut a clearing. But with his concern gone, the jungle is coming back.

Kennedy's most important visual legacy in the Capital is the rebuilding of Lafayette Square, across from the White House. It is a significant victory for creative urban design, for the new square will look much like the old—a charming, tree-shaded park surrounded by nineteenth-century houses. Washington once abounded in such squares, but most of them have recently lost their unique charm because they are overpowered by tall, faceless structures that jut up irregularly.

That's what the bureaucrats under Eisenhower had in store for Lafayette Park. Their scheme was particularly offensive because it would have ruined the President's yard and its lively historic associations. The houses where people like Colonel Stephen Decatur had lived and where Dolly Madison, in the words of one historian, spent her "triumphant



John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

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widowhood," were all to be razed. In their place the square was to be flanked by monolithic marble monsters.

This plan seemed a *fait accompli* when the Kennedys moved into the White House. They took an immediate interest and there were many long conferences with such people as William Walton, a family friend. The President and Walton almost gave up. It seemed impossible to preserve the historic buildings and still comply with the wish of Congress that offices for the Budget Bureau, the Court of Claims, and the Court of Patent Appeals be built here. It was Mrs. Kennedy who persisted.

In the end a new architect, John Carl Warnecke of San Francisco, proposed a brilliant solution and, as Walton has related it, both the President and Mrs. Kennedy gave cries of delight when he showed them his sketches. Construction of Warnecke's design has just begun. It will not only preserve the historic houses but will also restore the low scale of the square by weeding out some tall latter-day intruders like the old Brookings Institution. The necessary new federal offices are set behind the restored rows and in harmony with them.

"Don't apologize," President Kennedy once said to an aide who interrupted him with some detail of the new Lafayette Square plan. "After all, it may be the only monument we'll be able to leave."

HE had hoped to leave another, more imposing one—the grand completion of Pennsylvania Avenue—but the realization of this hope is uncertain. Arthur Goldberg, then Labor Secretary and now a Supreme Court Justice, had suggested this venture to Kennedy and together they appointed a council of prominent architects and others to work up a proposal. They asked for a redesign that would make the avenue "lively, friendly and inviting, as well as dignified and impressive." The President kept himself closely informed as its work progressed and, again according to Walton, was "fascinated by the various ideas that came out of the discussion" and "gave delighted approval to some of the basic concepts."

The exact nature of these ideas and concepts has not yet officially been made public. The unveiling of the council's model and plan awaited Mr. Kennedy's approval upon his return from Dallas. It is known, however, that they are not little plans. Far beyond merely dressing up the avenue with new buildings, trees, and esplanades, they call for the creation of large new squares, underground parking garages, and pedestrian platforms. These are to remedy the fact that "the city was walking away from the Capitol, leaving blight and dis-

Grand Foyer of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

—*Wide World.*

Smithsonian Institution's Museum of History and Technology.

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order." Whether President Johnson and his advisors have just not got around to the scheme or whether they find its expensive boldness inconsistent with saving on the White House light bill is, for some reason or another, a closely guarded secret.

And so, it seems, is John F. Kennedy's "Guiding Principles for Federal Architecture," issued on May 23, 1962, together with the bid to rebuild Pennsylvania Avenue. There must be efficiency and economy, the guidelines said. But the design of federal office buildings, "particularly those located in the nation's capital," must also "provide visual testimony to the dignity, enterprise, vigor, and stability of the American government." They should, as Pericles had it, not imitate but serve as a model to others. They should embody the finest contemporary American architectural thought, include works of fine arts wherever possible, and be part of a well-landscaped general ensemble of streets and public places. "The advice of distinguished architects ought to, as a rule, be sought prior to the award of important design contracts."

Two years, what with the time it takes to plan and construct, is, of course, too short a time to see "the finest architectural thought" expressed in finished buildings. But one hears. And one hears nothing that would indicate anything other than that Kennedy's directive has been securely filed away. Not one instance is known, among hundreds of contracts let, where the advice of distinguished architects was sought by the Government Services Administration, which is in charge of most federal building, or by the United States Post Office. The selection of architects is still, by and large, a matter of bureaucratic expediency. An exception, and cause for rejoicing, is that Marcel Breuer, one of the world's leading modernists, has been commissioned to design a new building for the Housing and Home Finance Agency in Washington. Otherwise we have heard only outspoken speeches from Karel Yasko, GSA's new chief architect ("Where is the architect who soaks himself in the project, goes at it with both fists, knocks himself out cold over creation?"), but no encouraging news. GSA's stuffy, secretive business seems to go on as usual. Washington's new aquarium, for instance, an item low on the list of the city's needs but high on that of certain Congressmen, will be built by a California firm mainly distinguished for the size of its staff and corporate projects. It's too bad. For if we must have a fish house it might as well be an architectural asset.

The story is pretty much the same in other government departments. While Kennedy lived, there was, for another instance, a brief flurry of excitement over the design of a postage stamp to honor science. Four outstanding artists were invited to compete, and the Postmaster General and his predominantly philatelist-minded advisory board made the final selection. As it happened, they selected what most people considered the weakest submission. This guest performance by real artists in an area where sickening mediocrity prevails should, nevertheless, have received official applause and encores. It was drowned out by indifferent silence.

And so it goes. The government clutters our environment with buildings and other things visual, which reflect not the nation's cultural aspirations but those of the lowest bidder. In the whole big federal bureaucracy I can think of only a small handful of people in positions of influence who really care about the way things look. But then, before Kennedy there were probably none.

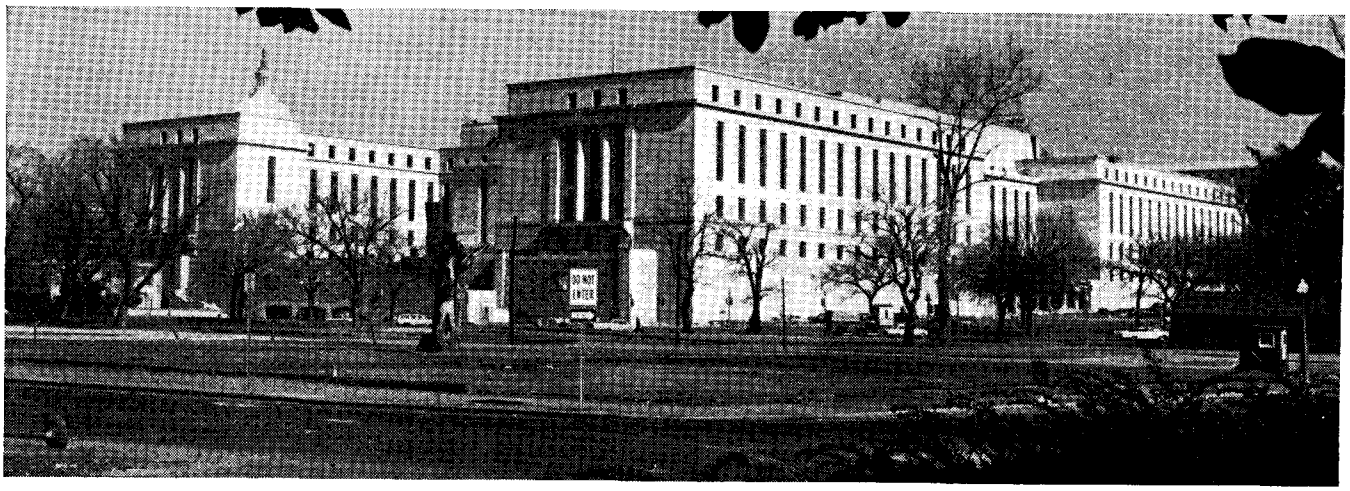
The State Department's Foreign Buildings Operation under James R. Johnstone and his architectural advisory board, for one, continues to seek out architectural talent to represent us abroad. Inspired, perhaps, by the fact that the only airport terminal his agency has built, Dulles Airport in Washington, designed by the late Eero Saarinen, also happens to be the best in the country, Federal Aviation Administrator N. E. Halaby has taken a beneficial interest in modern design. The Public Housing Administration, with the spirited Marie McGuire and a most competent architect named Thomas B. Thompson in charge, is making a Herculean effort to persuade local authorities to make their projects and thereby our cities more livable and attractive.

So does William L. Slayton, our urban renewal commissioner, though only a few urban renewal projects in the country show it as yet. But Slayton is hard at it. Poor urban design, he told local officials recently, is a lost investment of public funds and efforts.

And one slushy Saturday morning early this spring, Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall drove out to a modest suburban house that Frank Lloyd Wright had built. In its entrancing, cedarwood living room he met with the highway officials who were about to ram their bulldozers through it. Though all previous preservation efforts had failed, the Secretary of the Interior got the highway boys' assurance that they would help save the architectural gem. And some weeks earlier he had boldly moved in to prevent the desecration of the Potomac valley by greedy apartment skyscrapers. He had also just helped to preserve Frank Lloyd Wright's famous Robie House in Chicago by declaring it a national landmark.

"Maybe we can keep America beautiful after all," Udall mused, his living room diplomacy accomplished. "Though some mornings when I wake up I wonder."

In Washington, William Walton and the six other new members of the Fine



—*Wide World.*

Rayburn Building for House of Representatives office space.

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—*Wide World.*

Reception Room, State Department Building.

Arts Commission are the only officials who strive to hold back the jungle of mediocrity as usual. Their efforts are valiant. Before they took over, commission sessions consisted of esoteric dissertations on the virtues of beaux arts. Now the dingy commission chamber resounds with the liveliest, keenest design critiques in the country.

The trouble is that to criticize, to try to prevent the dull and tasteless from happening, is all the commission can do. Its jurisdiction extends only to what the government designs and to buildings, public art works, and landscaping immediately adjacent to federal property. Like a high court, it can adjudge only what it is brought before it—the dismal school and library building designs, the federal office buildings, the hackneyed plans for improving the zoo, and those things, including medal designs, that are usually dreamed up with more expediency than enthusiasm.

The Fine Arts Commission cannot plan or create. Washington, in addition to all its feuding boards, commissions, and agencies concerned with the city's livability and beauty, also has a Planning Commission. But it does not have a clear concept of how, even "to a degree," it might be a "showcase of our culture" in the second half of the twentieth century.

Roger Stevens, a theatrical producer and publicist, will undoubtedly do a good job of organizing the mechanics of federal endeavors in the arts, working with the councils and grants and programs. An energetic fund-raiser for political and cultural causes, he can be counted on to give dramatic publicity to President Johnson's honor awards to deserving high school students.

Such activities, furthermore, interest Congress, and Roger Stevens does well with the politics of culture. It now seems that he has, with stubborn astuteness, succeeded in getting Edward Durell Stone's mammoth design for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts built on the banks of the Potomac.

IT is still an open question, however, whether Roger Stevens will do equally well with the quality of culture. Here he can scarcely count on help from Congress. On the contrary, Congress is fond of meddling in the choice of designers and even in their work. It is largely responsible for the crushing mediocrity of government building and design. The new Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, for instance, might not be quite as uninspired as it is, but for the ardent interest of its special Congressional Committee. And the most recent effort of the Capitol Architect, the Sam Rayburn House Office Building, is not only the most expensive building of its kind in the world but probably also its ugliest.

Nor are we likely to rejoice over the Kennedy cultural center as Stevens insists on building it. Its location, amidst a spaghetti maze of expressways and concrete ramps, makes it all but inaccessible to people on foot and remote from the daily life of the city. There is no public transportation, and parking is inadequate. But worse still, the notion of wrapping a theater, an opera house, and a concert hall into one package has of necessity resulted in a mausoleumlike super-temple, surpassed in staggering size only by the Pentagon.

These features have been bitterly criticized ever since architect Stone's proposal was announced some two years ago. But Mr. Stevens prevailed on President Kennedy to discourage public discussion so as not to upset his private fund-raising efforts. Now that Congress has assured the financing, the folly is being exposed. Just about every professional and civic organization in the city has voiced objections. They feel, as fourteen leading Washington architects stated it recently, that in its present concept the center wil fail to be "what most of us want and hope for—a memorial to John F. Kennedy which is as vital and as close to the main current of the nation's life as he was himself."

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THE DAY POP ART DIED

By KATHARINE KUH

ON Wednesday, April 22, Pop Art died a natural and undramatic death, inadvertently eliminated by Robert Moses when he turned the New York World's Fair into a gigantic spectacle that outpops all competition. Not that Mr. Moses is a warm friend of modern art; this no one can claim after seeing the fair, which, except for one outstanding building and certain technically agile displays, has scarcely kept pace with the past where design is concerned. Little more proof is needed than two anachronistic bronze sculptures, one by Donald De Lue, the other by Marshall Fredericks, both deplorable examples of facile emptiness and both specifically commissioned by World's Fair officials to decorate important outdoor sites, to remain, alas, as permanent eyesores after the exposition closes. Architecturally, the fair is likewise dated, repeating all the "modernistic" bromides that were beginning to pall a quarter-century ago. There are the usual pompous avenues bedecked with flags and radiating from the usual fountains, which might have done more than cool the air had they been creatively designed.

Indeed, conspicuously lacking from this fair are the new esthetic experiments we proverbially associate with international expositions, though technical advances are undeniably abundant. Walt Disney emerges as an overworked if somewhat dubious hero. For visual inventions more subtle than his, one searches virtually in vain. Mr. Moses's statement in the April 19 issue of the *New York Times* that "the best justification for a world's fair is to distinguish mere change from genuine progress" is a gem of double-talk, at least where art, design, and architecture are involved.

Some time ago Buckminster Fuller suggested covering much of the fair area with a transparent geodesic dome, thus eliminating the need for heavy separate constructions. Variety in the partitioning of space and in the partitions themselves would have resulted, he felt, in valid ingenuity. On opening day, with the sky leaking buckets of water, this plan might have proved doubly welcome. It seems inexplicable that a technology able to shoot men into space has not found ways of protecting mass audiences from exposure and exhaustion. Fuller's concept is a new one and one that, if explored, could have made history with an overall design less costly, less dispersed, less uncomfortable, and less jaded than the present sprawling tangle.

Curiously, the only large building worth saving is the very one that initiated the assassination of Pop Art. Philip Johnson's Pavilion for New York State is the fair's sole breakthrough in distinguished architectural innovation, a gay open structure that exploits light and space with brilliant audacity. Adjacent to this vast plastic-covered tent is a smaller enclosed section called Theaterama, where motion pictures of New York State are shown. On the exterior walls of the theater Mr. Johnson has attached a group of abstract and pop works. One or two of the abstractions, notably the constructions by Ellsworth Kelly and Alexander Liberman, though scarcely original, are conceived on a scale commensurate with their background. The pop examples, however, fall by the wayside, unable to keep up with their vibrant, razzle-dazzle surroundings—the kind of surroundings, by the way, that presumably provide characteristic motifs for this so-called New Realism.

LOST in the material world they hope to mirror, these supposedly shocking comments die in tame retreat. You simply cannot find them, submerged as they are in a sea of vulgarity. Instead of interpreting the banality of our mass-produced environment, the pop artist merely reproduces it. At the fair, the model so completely overwhelms the copy as to make the latter obsolete. Despite advance fears (perhaps also hopes) that these decorations would startle the public, the truth is they are far less startling than various exhibits that were planned without a trace of irony.

How, for instance, can any "artistic" experience approximate the naïve gaudiness surrounding the installation of the *Pietà*? All the cumulative pop novelties in the world become urbane by comparison. Accompanied by twinkling electric candles, moving sidewalks, a plastic screen, canned music, chicly costumed usherettes, and an overdose of cold light, the Michaelangelo is lost to us forever. Though connoisseurs have never claimed that this early work is the artist's outstanding masterpiece (as it is blandly advertised today), it nevertheless remains a sculpture of incomparable compassion and tenderness. To desecrate it so blithely indicts not only the fair but the Church.

Years ago, before the ubiquitous pop artists were even a gleam in their parents' eyes, Marcel Duchamp depicted the *Mona Lisa* with a moustache, and a bit later Fernand Léger painted her with a can of sardines. Almost half a century ago these men anticipated what today we call Pop Art, be it over-literal compilations by young Americans or religious settings by theatrical decorators. Less obvious in their methods, the earlier anti-artists, sometimes known as Dadaists, succeeded in really shocking us, in making us question our new materialistic world by stripping it of every conventional prop. Above all, they never bored us. Nor did they comment on present-day life by simply reproducing it. Instead, disillusioned by the First World War, they negated, annihilated, and lampooned modern society with deadly zeal. They gave us something to think about—not just something to look at.

No one interested in Pop Art should hiss the hotdog stands proliferating at the fair, each topped by what resembles huge scoops of glistening white whipped cream. It would take a pretty dynamic pop cartoon, even if monumentally blown up, to divert us from such pleasures, or from the eighty-foot tire that the U.S. Rubber Company has turned into a Ferris wheel.

Not only Dadaism but several other influential twentieth-century art movements have left their stamp on the 1964 World's Fair, an especially noteworthy fact in view of the official indifference art has suffered there. One of the few international expositions in recent history not to include an important art survey, the fair offers only isolated,

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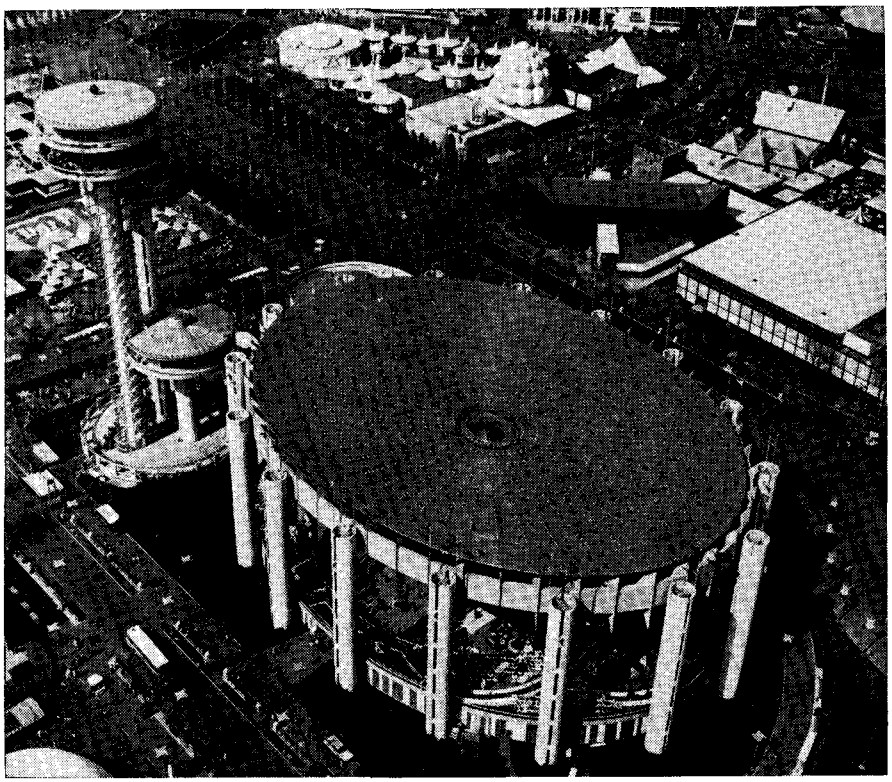
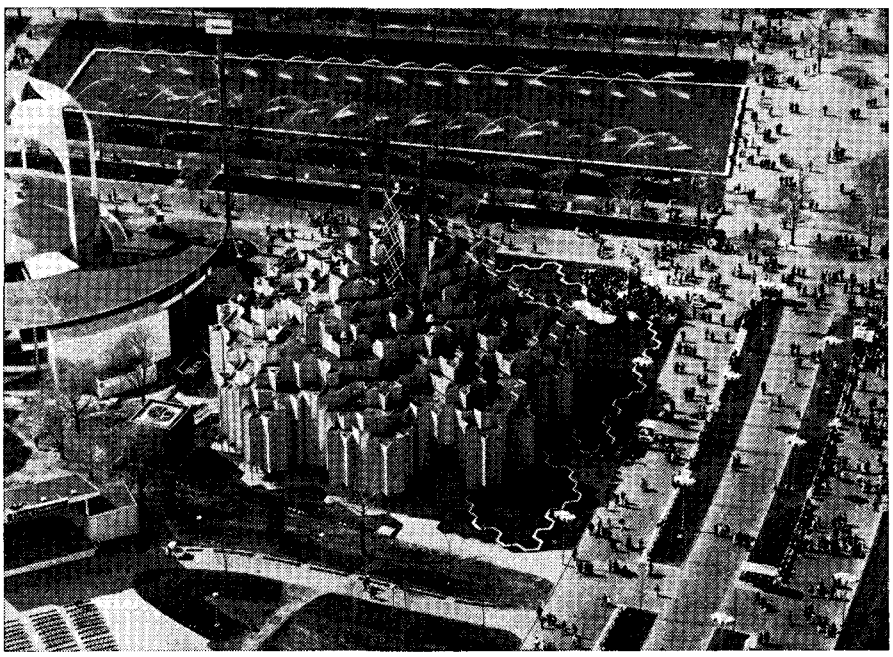
hit-or-miss exhibitions, often difficult to find, costly to visit, and without any semblance of continuity. For example, at the much-touted Spanish Pavilion you pay $1 to see a few fine early Spanish paintings, a bad late Picasso, a bad late Dali, and an indifferent Miró, plus some mediocre works by younger artists of the country. The visitor would do better to patronize the Metropolitan Museum, where a far greater collection of Spanish art can be seen for nothing. One remembers the superb Century of Progress exhibition at Chicago in 1933, and Seattle's five art shows housed in their own special pavilion, to say nothing of the historic array of paintings and sculpture featured at the recent Brussels Fair. That New York, America's largest and richest city, did not follow suit seems indefensible.

But even so, the art of our century creeps uninvited into the fair. The angular Electric Power and Light building recalls a watered-down combination of Cubsim and De Stijl, while the free forms of the Kodak Pavilion, though insensitively interpreted, owe much to Jean Arp. Everywhere memories of Surrealism abound, from the prehistoric semi-animated monsters of Sinclair Oil to NASA's nest of rockets and space capsules.

If this report on the fair seems unduly jaundiced, it is only because I have limited myself to art, architecture, and design. Certain scientific exhibitions are more provocative. I think of the laboratory at duPont, gleaming with strangely shaped vessels and pure contours, a still life of unintentional beauty. I think of the motion picture *To Be Alive,* which Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid made for Johnson's Wax—a movie of extraordinary vitality that puts *Voyage to America,* the lifeless film at the United States Pavilion, to shame. I think of the handsome designs Bell Telephone incorporated into some of its educational displays, combining visual and auditory experiences to explain new technical ideas in communication. I think of numerous other memorable research displays originated by American big business. For there is no denying that this is chiefly a trade fair, where know-how is abundant, but so, too, is the hard sell.



New York State Pavilion—"sole breakthrough in distinguished architectural innovation."



Electrical Power and Light Building—"recalls a watered-down combination of cubism and De Stijl."

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ARCHITECTURE AND MAN AT YALE

By VINCENT SCULLY

YALE probably possesses no single building so delightful as Le Corbusier's effortless sketch at Harvard, the Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts. Yet almost all the many buildings that have been constructed at Yale during the past decade are of more than parochial interest. They were designed by some of the best architects available in America, each of whom was given maximum freedom to develop his ideas. The results offer a wide, representative range of America's architectural styles today.

The freedom given the designers, problematical as all potentially creative methods are, was fostered and sustained by the late president, A. Whitney Griswold, patron of the enterprise as a whole. Because of him, Yale now has buildings by Louis I. Kahn, Paul Rudolph, the late Eero Saarinen, Paul Schweikher, Philip Johnson, and Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. Naturally, not all their efforts clearly succeeded.

It is more significant that the variety of forms that inevitably resulted from that potpourri of designers given *carte blanche* now seems to have developed consistently. The first and last buildings of the group, Kahn's Art Gallery of 1951-53 and Rudolph's Art and Architecture Building of 1961-63, are not only the closest to each other in conception, but are also perhaps the most significant buildings of the group historically.

The two architects in question are those most closely connected with Yale's Department of Architecture: Kahn as its chief critic for many years, Rudolph as chairman since 1957. Indeed, if one were to consider the other buildings, a similar correlation between quality and degree of connection with the school would be likely to appear. The development of Yale's Department of Architecture relates directly to that of Yale's new buildings.

The buildings themselves offer, among other things, 1) some instructive contrasts between their architects' methods of design, 2) the clear indication of a general architectural movement of the Fifties toward monumental mass and force, with the rise and decay of a neo-neo-classicism reposing as a sub-theme within it, 3) a capsule demonstration of the fundamental problems of urban design, wherein new buildings must be related to their sites and to preexisting structures. The last is probably the most significant, involving one of civilization's major current problems: the proper control of its urban environment.

Here again, the first and last buildings, set across York Street from each other, make the point best, as the closed mass of the first is received by the open gesture of the second. For once, the cause of architecture as a whole, which goes far beyond the design of single buildings, is generously served.

The first building, Kahn's pioneering effort, remains the best loved of them all in New Haven, despite its obvious lack of integration and the various remodelings it has since received. Kahn conceived it with the late George Howe, then chairman of the Department of Architecture, as a simple loft structure organized around a central service core, permitting maximum flexibility of floor use. In Khan's opinion, that very flexibility proved the building's undoing, insofar as it unduly encouraged the unsympathetic rearrangement that has occurred since. But the concept did create a monumental, voluminous shape that was simple and clear in mass and decisive in profile: firm on Chapel Street, noble toward Weir Court behind it.

The effect of the Kahn building, still striking in 1963, recalled that of Renaissance architecture. It was in sharp contrast to the asymmetrical, light, pictorial, antimonumental trend of the International Style of the previous three decades, of which the Graduate Center at Harvard (1950) had been a recent, rather tired example. Kahn's volumetric order also recalled that which Mies Van der Rohe had already reinstituted at the Illinois Institute of Technology, but the Art Gallery, toughly clad in brick on the street side and varied in levels on the other, also employed a massive structural weight that Mies avoided. The insistent tetrahedrons of its reinforced concrete slab created an interior wherein the nature of the structural fabric can never be ignored.

The space of the Kahn building is defined by solid structure, not—as, for example, in the Museum of Modern Art—by weightless planes. It is true that Kahn has not fully integrated structural elements to the shape of the building, since the tetrahedrons "want," in Kahn's own phrase, to make triangular spaces. But the principle of structural form-making is at least stated, and it has borne fruit throughout Kahn's subsequent, splendid career—none of which, unfortunately, has so far been pursued at Yale. His medical and biological laboratories at the University of Pennsylvania, of 1959-60 and 1962-63, are the clearest examples of this principle yet constructed. They, rather than any Yale building, must rank as the most significant university complex of recent years.

THE most influential architect at Yale during the Fifties was not Kahn but the late Eero Saarinen. His initial building in New Haven, the Ingalls Hockey Rink, is characteristic. First he proposed a rather startling shape that seemed to him poetically expressive of the building's function. In this case it was a fluid curve, fast-rising in elevation and spreading in plan, that might be taken as expressive of the swooping lunges of hockey. Next step: a unique structural system to dramatize the shape. Here it was a mammoth, single, central, concrete bent, with the roof suspended in tension from it.

After this, everything else, one feels, was simply fitted in: air-conditioning units and their external vents, wind-bracing cables, and a flat plane of lights, which unfortunately kills the upward swoop of interior space. In consequence, the impression is of a constructed sketch, a kind of model, not an integrally developed building. One senses something impatient in the method.

Previously, in Saarinen's auditorium at MIT, all functions had been jammed under the continuous slab, with the entrances arbitrarily punched through glazed walls. In the rink, the entrance integrated the structure and

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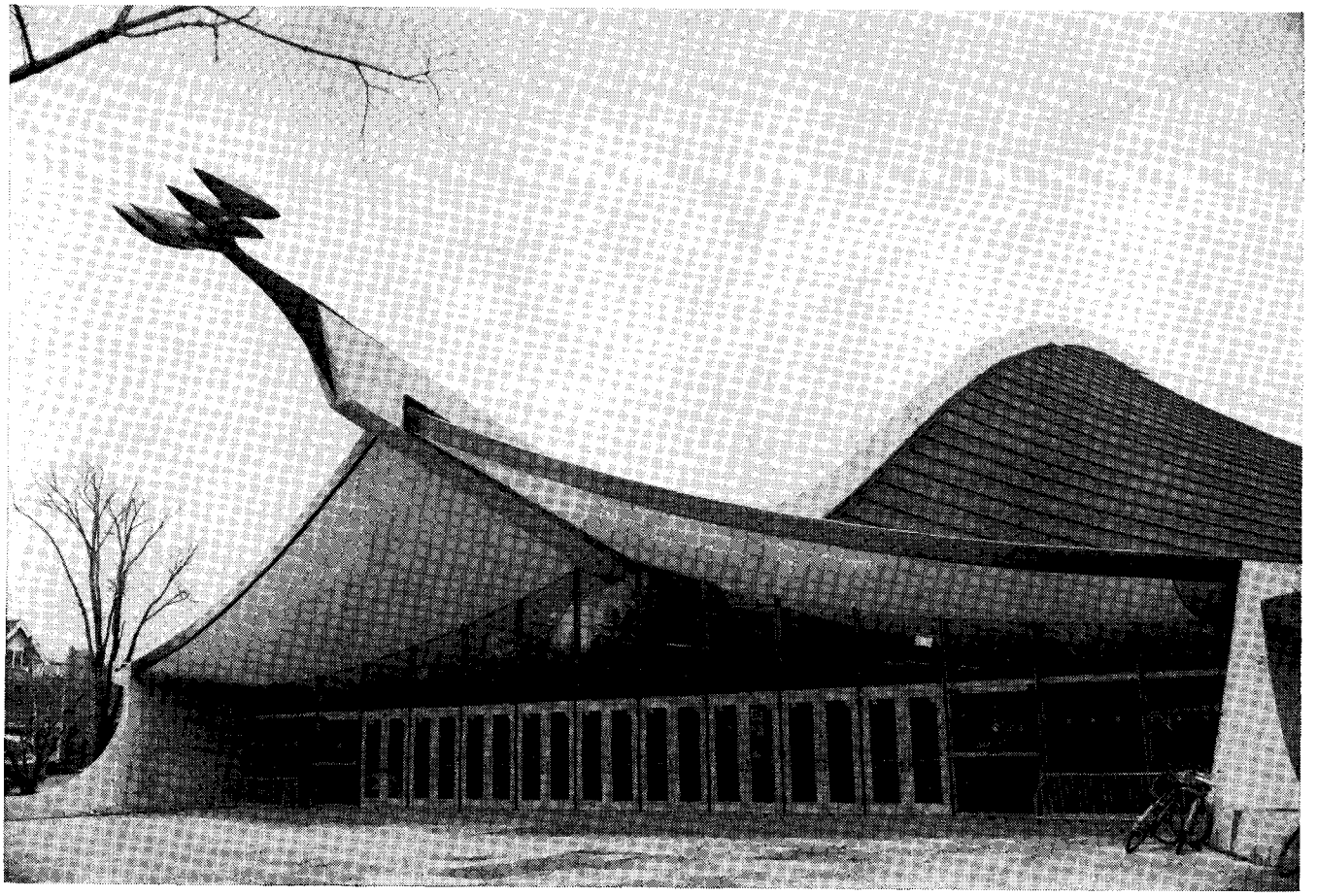
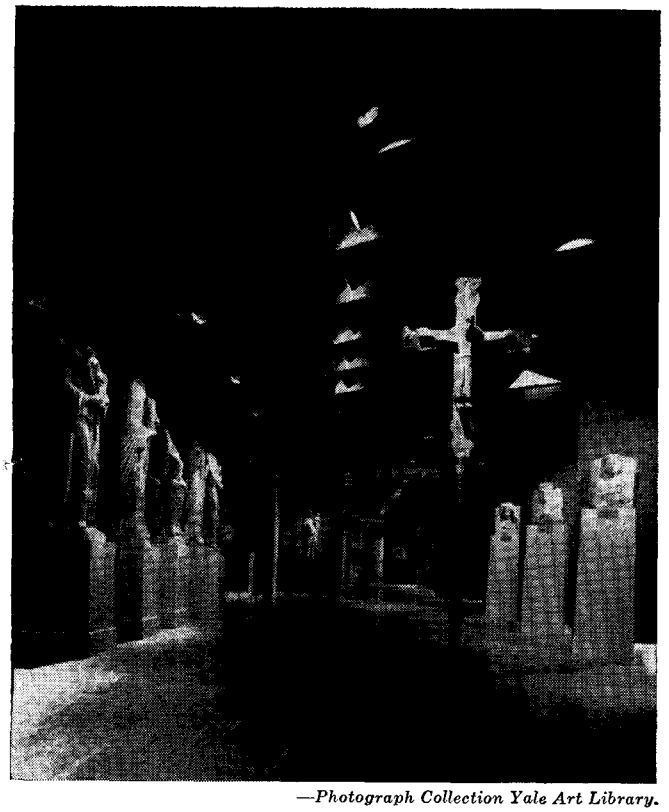


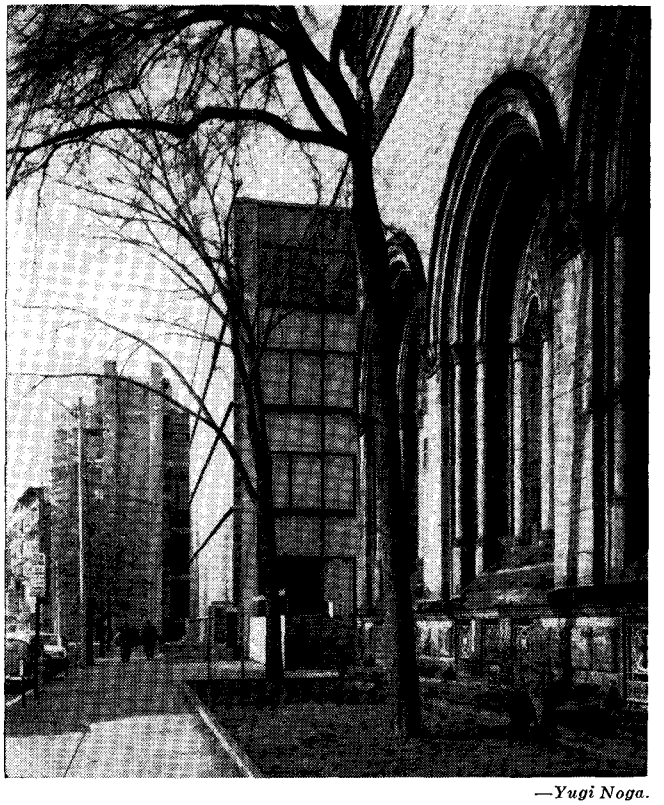
—*Yale News Bureau.*

Ingalls Rink, by Eero Saarinen.



—*Photograph Collection Yale Art Library.*

Yale Art Gallery Interior.



—*Yugi Noga.*

Old Art Gallery, Art Gallery, Art and Architecture Building.

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interior space, but the site is disastrous. The street outside is destroyed, while the hill that rises above the building suggests impressions it cannot support: it "wants" to culminate a gentle mound. Not doing so, it is in fact arbitrarily and rather destructively sited—too sloped-back to define the street, too little upstanding for a mid-space monument.

THE same cannot be said of Saarinen's Stiles and Morse Colleges. On the contrary, he designed these almost wholly to conform to the pre-existing environment. He saw Yale in general and that area in particular as a forest of towers. Possibly he was influenced in this direction by Kahn's recent use of towers in the laboratories at Pennsylvania. Certainly, like Kahn, he loved medieval Italian towns, especially San Gemignano in Tuscany; he said that it was an image like towered San Gemignano's that he hoped to create. Such an intention would have been anathema to some modern architects in the Thirties and Forties; but few would deplore it now.

The overtly eclectic method does lend the quality of a stage set to these otherwise highly efficient buildings. That character is encouraged by the treatment of the concrete, intended to simulate rugged Gothic masonry. It looks like adobe instead. The buildings thus seem paradoxically unreal, crystalline in profile but mudlike in matter. Yet the towers do their best to bring the brutal mass of the gymnasium into scale and encourage vistas through and beyond their courtyards in several directions. They thus loosen the rigid, space-chopping kind of quadrangle into which Yale colleges had subsided during the Twenties. Whatever their faults—and those in my opinion seem less every day—Stiles and Morse were clearly designed with the place in mind.

The same claim cannot be made for the Computer Center, by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill. This elegant pavilion of steel and glass is a typically abstract classicizing cube that might have been placed anywhere with equally fatal results—except in an open park, like Philip Johnson's glass house in New Canaan (1949)—from which, of course, the Computer Center basically derives. Here it destroys the scale of the street, which, unlike the older buildings nearby, it is too low to define. The automobiles dominate it, as they do most American architecture; buildings like the Computer Center, hermetically constructed, are a large part of the reason why. The other building by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill at Yale now dominates the administrative and ritual center of the university, placed as it is opposite Woodbridge and Woolsey Halls and in front of the War Memorial colonnade and Freshman Commons.

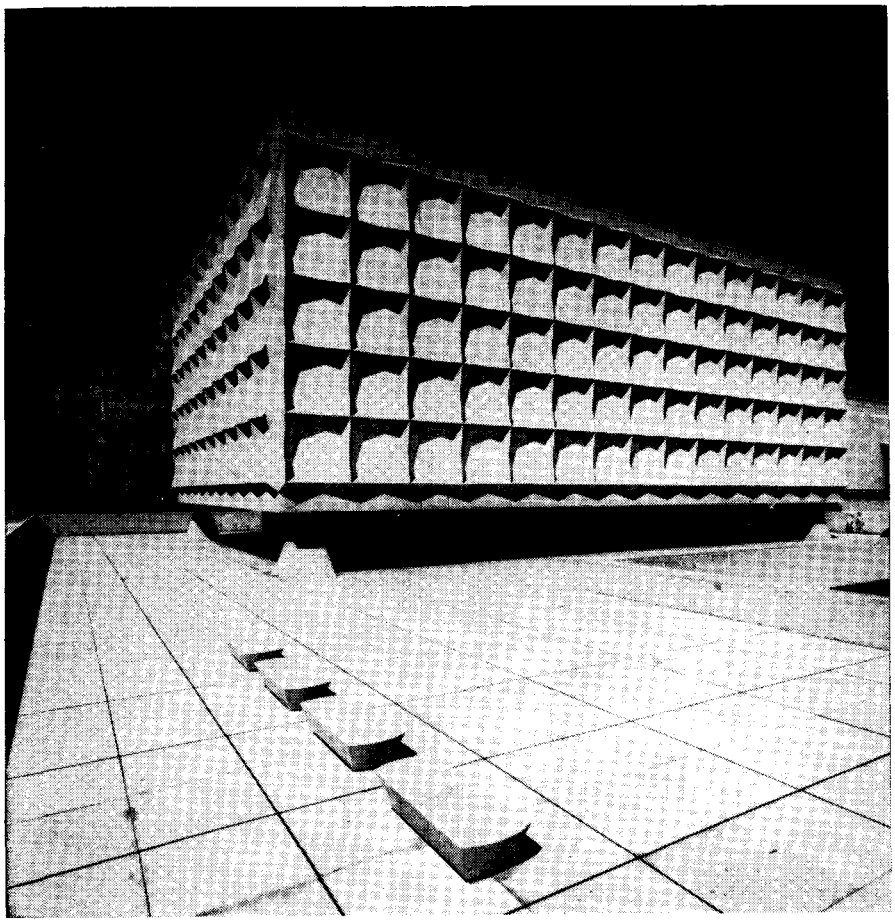
All these buildings are effectively swept out of existence by the Beinecke Rare Book Library, not through its strength but because of its plainness. Even more than Saarinen's rink, the Beinecke is like a vast model, a giant's toy. The Beinecke seems to reflect no sense of its relationship to men, because its conception was so abstract. The wall is only a screen, structurally separate from the tower of stacks that rises within. (Most of the people involved are below ground around a sunken court.)

Moreover, the Beinecke Library wall is actually a Vrerendeel truss; it thus need be supported only at the four corners of the building. But the truss does not look structural to the eye, which therefore sees the building as small, since the span looks to be a little one. Yet the building is huge and therefore disorienting to the viewer. No doors, windows, and so on are visible. It all ends, I think, by creating an atmosphere of no place, nowhere, nobody, matched only by some of De Chirico's images of human estrangement and by a few similarly motivated Italian buildings of the Thirties and early Forties.

In a sense, the Beinecke Library might be taken as evidence of the rapid decadence of the classicizing method. This derived from that Renaissance design revival we hailed only ten years ago (as above, in Kahn's Art Gallery). At that time Philip Johnson was more influential than any other architect in the establishment of architectural classicizing. His architecture, despite some variants, has remained well within that mode to the present day. In the Kline Geology Laboratory, Johnson wraps a massively conceived shell of brick around formless yet flexible interior spaces, like an envelope that both permits and masks. Its recessed panels are sometimes windowed, sometimes not.

The only link between exterior and interior in the laboratory was a single skeletal stairway, gauzily weightless and lighted from above, intended to contrast with the massive entrance piers. Fire laws required, however, that the stairs be enclosed; the intended effect was thus severely compromised, without any new design being made. The glass-caged stair seems another indication of a tendency toward arbitrary and impatient decisions, the major weakness of the classicizing method. Its strength probably lies in the kind of exterior similarity it has to the existing science buildings.

The whole Kline laboratory area is



—Yale News Bureau.

Beinecke Rare Book Library, by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill.

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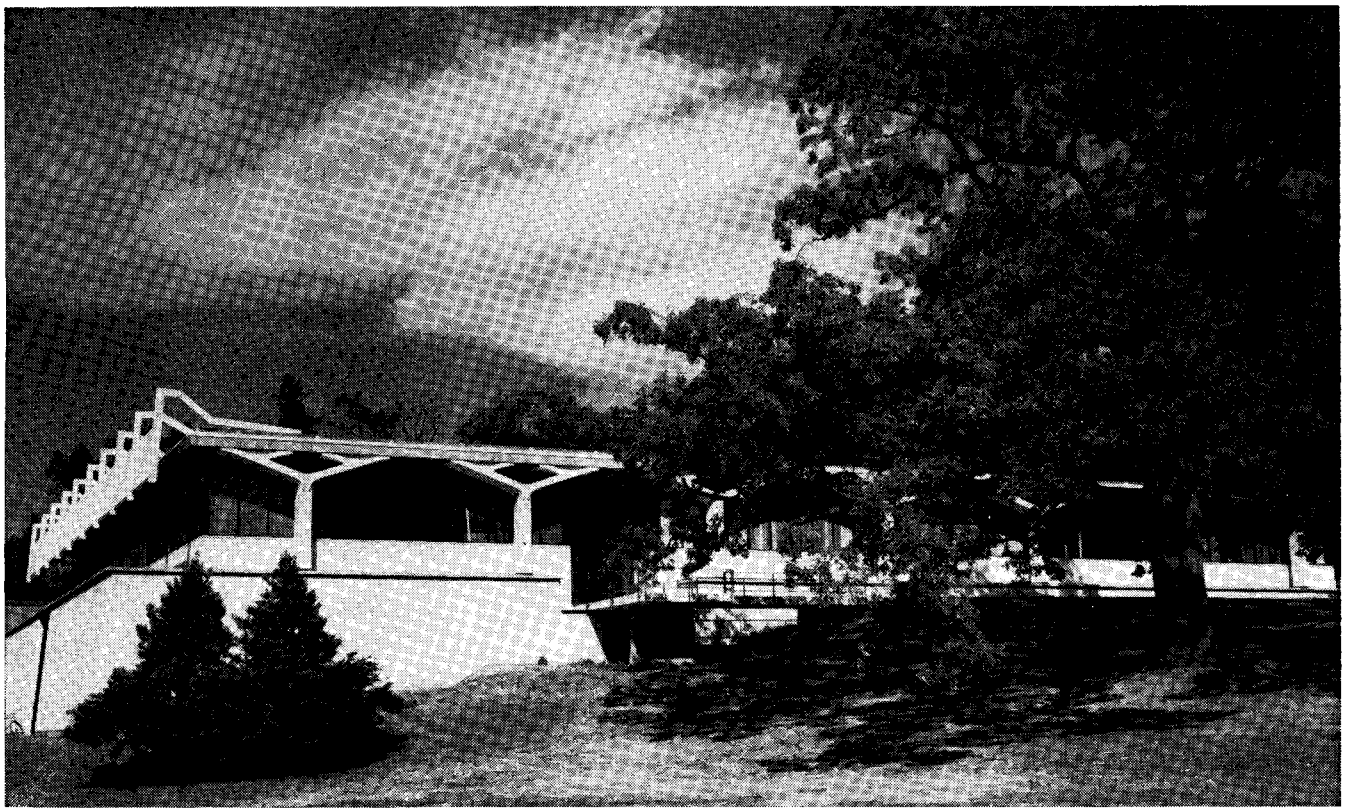

Greeley Forestry Laboratory by Paul Rudolph

now under development, largely by Johnson. A tower will soon rise up to the left of a hilltop and just off the long rise up Hillhouse Avenue. That rise and summit can now be left open, as they should be, because of Paul Schweikher's careful choice of site for Gibbs Laboratory in 1954. A project by Saarinen had existed for a building in just the wrong place: across the rise and upon the crest. Schweikher, taking over the program, moved his building eastward and used it as a long slab that defined the summit area. This will now become, appropriately, an open court.

FROM the summit, East Rock is visible and, from any elevation, New Haven harbor to the south and West Rock. Both of Paul Rudolph's first buildings at Yale direct the eye across the great shapes of Winchester's factory-complex toward West Rock. The Greeley Forestry Laboratory (1957), with split columns like those of Rudolph's Blue Cross Building in Boston, steps out with perhaps rather mannered elegance from the slope.

Farther up the street the brick-and-concrete-surfaced cubes of the Graduate Students' Housing spill grandly down the hill and do their best to look as if they were actually built of brick-bearing walls and concrete lintels. Again, the urge of the Fifties toward a newly massive, structurally integral, vernacular architecture is at least reflected here.

Rudolph's Art and Architecture building clearly derives in part from the work of the architects he most admires: Le Corbusier and Louis I. Kahn. (In this way Kahn's towers at Pennsylvania may be said to rise at Yale across the street from his earlier Art Gallery.) But Rudolph's column clusters rise forcefully; here is the influence of Le Corbusier. Think especially of his monastery of La Tourette, where the piers dynamically hoist up the monks' cells like great beams, high above the hill slope, which falls steeply away below them. In Rudolph's building it is painters who are lifted, protesting, in the upper zones, detailed like massive entablatures, while sculptors skulk through the sub-basements, which are ingeniously lighted by story-height monitors, and a horde of architects expands through the middle floors.

THE Art Building also includes a spacious art library, which justifies the visual complexity of the building's mass. It has interlocking floor levels, where girders are supported on piersides, so that low trays of space may span like bridges in a kind of "pinwheel" movement around the center. The stairs are in separate corner towers. (This recalls the general organization of Wright's Larkin Building of 1904.)

Rudolph's determined attempt to integrate interior space with a structural system should be contrasted with the superficial, packaging method of design seen in Beinecke and Kline. The striation of the concrete, though tactilely dangerous, effectively enhances the height and decreases the weight of the structural masses. This aspect has brought criticisms of "exaggerated violence" to the building. However, as noted earlier, its flourishing shapes complement Kahn's tightly closed building across the way. Indeed, it most firmly climaxes and terminates the shapes of the whole range of Yale buildings that stretch eastward along Chapel Street and culminate by New Haven's green in the tower of Bingham Hall, re-echoed by Rudolph's tower.

An active, complementary relationship of buildings across time is obviously the goal of all community architecture, so well achieved at Yale. Such an interrelationship of buildings gives dimension to human experience and a spurious but welcome sense of durability to human life. It is what makes a city, but surely is the quality most lacking in most work being done today, whose principles, if any, are anarchic and whose instincts are fundamentally nomadic and hence destructive to cities esthetically. But notice that Rudolph's building replaces a gas station and a parking lot. This reverses the usual procedure.

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Education on Their Minds

IF EDUCATION'S main job is to educate people in the importance of education, then there are few places on earth where this purpose is more dramatically visible than in the Philippines. No one has to persuade the Filipinos of the advantages in education. The big problem is to satisfy their demands for more schools on every level. The people of the Philippines, quite literally, have education on their minds.

In the course of an hour's drive in Manila, I counted eleven colleges and universities—apart from at least a dozen schools providing training in nursing, engineering, architecture, drafting, aviation, electronics, etc. Students who are unable because of overcrowding to enroll in the national university, or the private colleges and technological institutions, often turn to home correspondence courses. Even in the most remote areas in the Philippines, one finds adult education schools where the subjects range all the way from basic literacy to advanced English literature.

Education is more than a national obsession. It is a business. Filipinos buy stock in private colleges the way Americans invest in companies manufacturing automobiles or business machines. These education stocks are readily obtainable at the standard financial counters; some of them have had a substantial rise and pay dividends of ten per cent or more. One of the most active of these stocks is a medical school.

Next to education itself, the word most commonly associated in the Western world with universities is the word deficit. American college presidents spend a large part of their time raising enough money to make up for the inadequacy of endowments and tuition fees. In the Philippines, the presidents of the private colleges and universities don't have to worry about deficits. Their problem is to find places for all the students willing to pay tuition fees that cover the basic cost of education with something to spare. These fees are somewhat higher than those charged at the national university, but they are not far out of line with tuition fees at professional schools in Europe or the United States.

The profit-making schools are more like business establishments than colleges. There is no "campus"; they generally operate out of office buildings. Many of them run double and triple shifts. What the student learns often depends less on the artistry of the teacher than on his own capacity to follow and work out of a syllabus and bibliography. If he doesn't find the books he needs in the compact school library, he goes to the public library. The medical schools have close working arrangements with the hospitals; very early in their course of study the students are brought into the wards and learn and work alongside the resident physicians, thus relieving the school of classroom pressure and corresponding expense.

This system is not particularly admired by many of the educationists in the Philippines but they recognize that until such time as demand and supply are brought into something resembling an equilibrium, improvised measures are inevitable. The University of the Philippines, of which Carlos P. Romulo is President, already has an enrollment of approximately 18,000 students at its six centers throughout the country. Even if the university and all its professional schools were to double in size within a year, this would still leave a large gap. Hence the best that can now be done is to insist that the profit-making schools maintain acceptable standards.

One of the problems represented by the educational explosion in the Philippines is that most of its beneficiaries remain in the cities. An infinitesimal percentage of doctors, dentists, engineers, chemists, teachers, and technicians make their skills available to the villages, even though eighty per cent of the Filipino people live in rural communities. This has resulted in a severe cultural and psychological gulf between the two main divisions of the national community. To be sure, both groups place high value on nationalism. The people in the cities, however, tend to be ceremonial about tradition, regarding it as something that serves to enhance independence; but their way of life and their ideas may have little direct connection with the substance of such tradition. The people in the villages are a continuing expression of the tradition, not quite comprehending the interests and outlook of their college-educated children who have left to live in the cities.

Tradition in the Philippines is not without its complications in view of the Spanish and American roles in the shaping of the national history. Some Filipino writers and thinkers regard this mixed heritage as an advantage. They see English as a prime asset and want it to continue as the national language. But the general rise of nationalism, understandable in the light of the new spirit of pride and independence sweeping through Asia, has created a desire in many people for their own language. A compromise seems to be emerging, with both the national Tagalog and English being taught in the schools. The affairs of government, however, are being conducted in English. The leading newspapers are also in English.

Even as some Filipino intellectuals assert their national traditions and proclaim their independence from the United States, they confess ambivalence in the matter. The kind of homes they live in, their intellectual interests, the books they read, their favorite music, their clothes, their food preferences—all these have been profoundly influenced by past and present ties to the United

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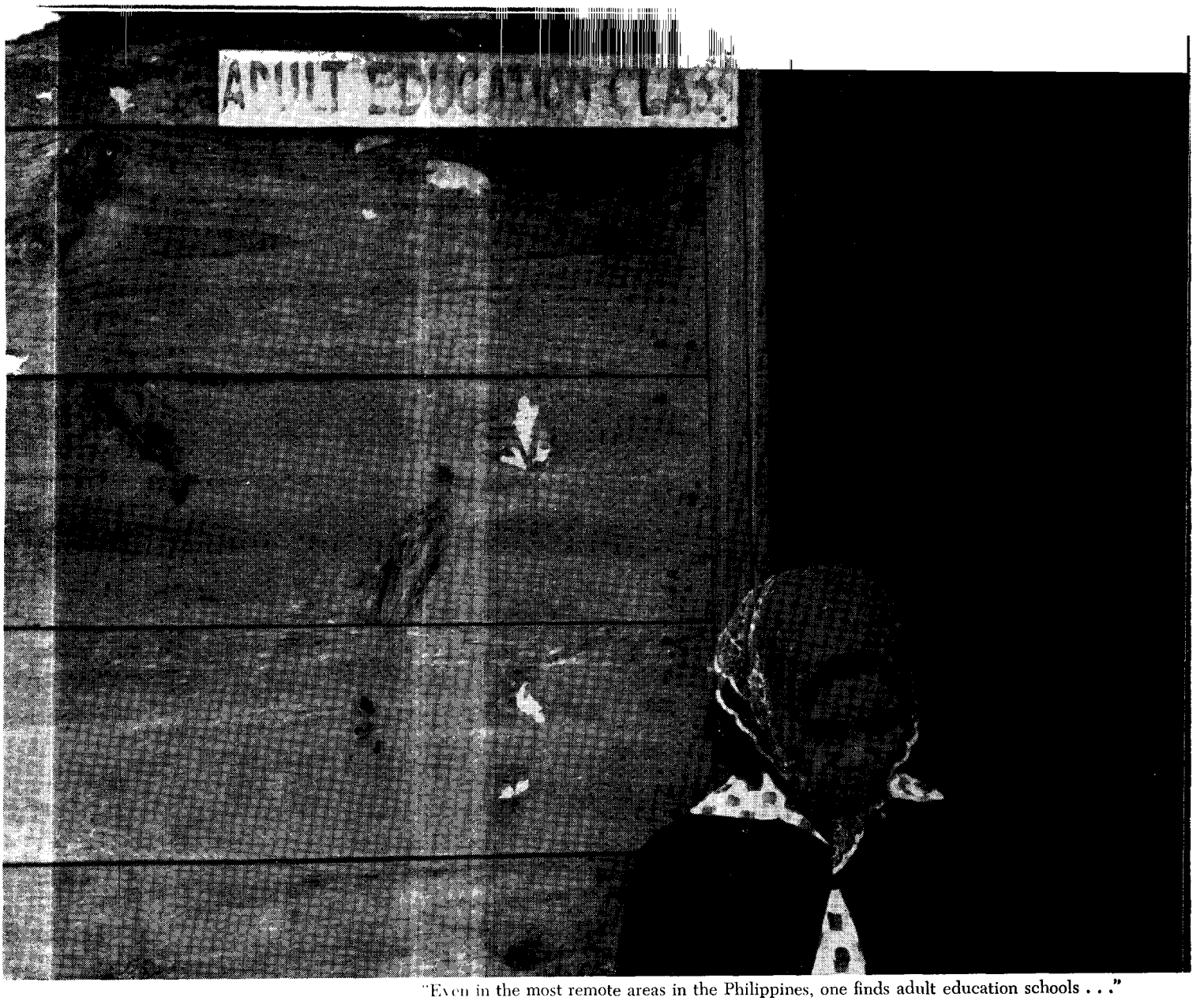
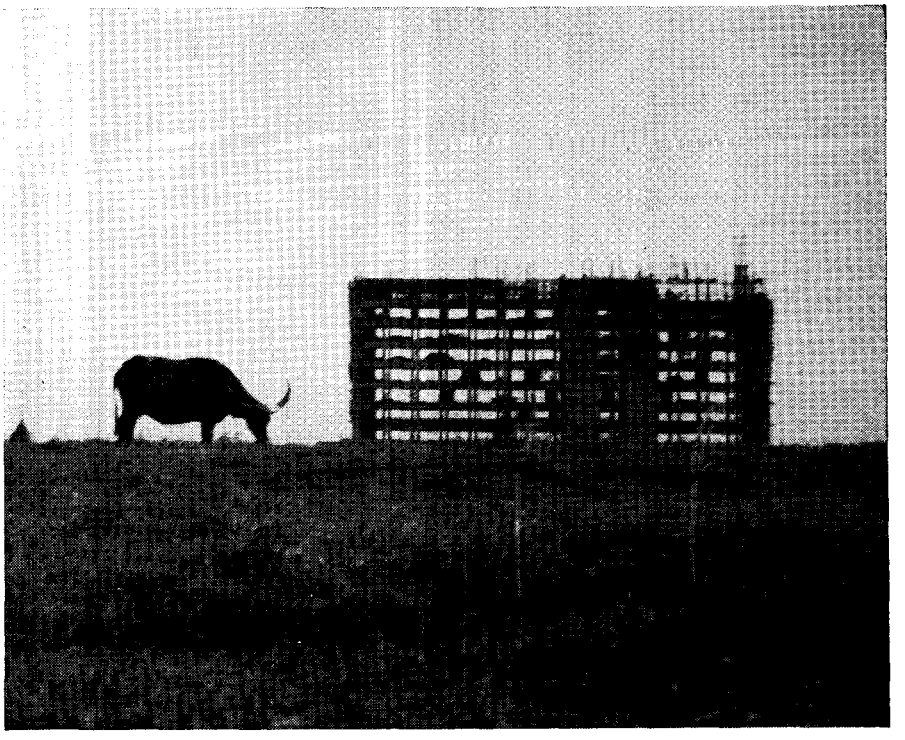


"Even in the most remote areas in the Philippines, one finds adult education schools . . ."

States. Yet this very fact creates a counter-reaction, a feeling of resentment perhaps caused by the realization that the ties they worked so hard to cut can't really be cut all the way. They want to be on their own; they need to know they could be on their own; yet they know that in the modern world small nations need powerful friends. Full independence and full maturity go together; but the Filipinos are still dependent on the United States for many things—for physical security, for economic cooperation and assistance, and even, to some extent, for cultural products.

Would these intellectuals like to have the United States and all its signs and tokens pull out altogether? Would they really want us to withdraw our military presence, which has served as the basis for so much criticism? No, this is not what they would have us do. They know they would have a much tougher time without us; and perhaps this is what bothers them the most. We have cut into their national identity so profoundly that even freedom has not made them

(*Continued on page* 53)



Collision of centuries in the Philippines: "Tradition is not without its complications."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Defense

I TAKE STRONG ISSUE with Virgil J. Vogel of Chicago, Illinois, who wrote so vituperatively of John Ciardi in your letter section of May 2. No "intolerably egocentric smart-aleck" who "hates everybody" could possibly write anything so beautiful as the poetry that appeared in the same issue on page 10. I suggest to Mr. Vogel that sometimes venom and sarcasm are the intellectual's only weapons against suffering, and that out of suffering things of great beauty are often created.

CATHERINE R. COWELL.

Littleton, Colo.

THERE IS NO DOUBT in my mind that John Ciardi neither wants nor needs anyone to rush to his defense. However, I feel a necessity to respond to Mr. Vogel's letter.

First, I never knew or heard of a hate that did not arise out of a very deep love. In order to write with the "venom" and "sarcasm" that Mr. Ciardi uses, he must feel very deeply.

Secondly, I would ask Mr. Vogel to look very carefully into our world today and try to discover how many of Mr. Ciardi's writings are actually "venom" and "sarcasm" and how many are, in fact, reality.

ADELE PAVIS.

Madison, Wis.

I FIND MYSELF continually bemused and irritated by the flow of ill-conceived criticism that many of your readers direct toward John Ciardi's supposed inhumanity and generally misanthropic response to life.

What the critics seem to overlook is that it is Ciardi's genuine concern for mankind and his unwavering faith in the worth of the individual that prompts his unequivocal examination of the human condition. How else can one explain his vigorously imaginative assessments of contemporary man?

RICHARD M. CARTER.

Annapolis, Md.

Suez Revisited

MAY I PLEASE CORRECT certain factual inaccuracies and personal aspersions perpetrated by Professor Samuel Flagg Bemis in his review of my *Dulles Over Suez* [*SR*, Apr. 25]? I hope I can overtake his errors before they obscure the contents of my book.

1. He asserts he researched into my biography. Assuming that this is relevant, how is it that he omitted reference to my principal work, *The Theory and Practice of Modern Government*? He would there have been fully assured of the certified scrupulousness of my scholarship.

2. There is an intentional tone of innuendo in his finding that I was born in Rumania. Yes: we migrated to England when I was eight months old. I very much like Professor Bemis's ostensible principles of historiography (oral and written), but why discard them at this point? What has babyhood in Rumania to do with an assessment of Dulles's diplomacy?

3. He fails to inform your readers that my notes contain no less than 395 references, giving meticulous chapter and verse for my facts and inferences. He has simply left out the evidence.

4. I will keep my word of honor to my informants, not to attribute.

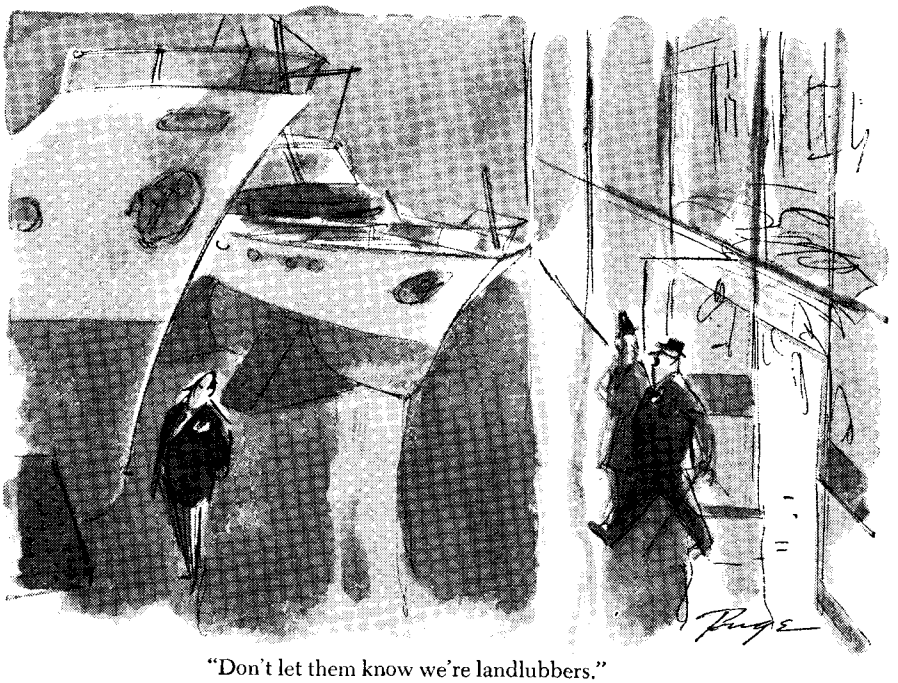
5. He charges that I make an "indictment" of the Suez diplomacy of "his adopted country." No other phrase could better reveal his ethnic prejudices. My subject is Dulles's diplomacy, not America's. Dulles is not America. In this view I am joined by such native-born sons as Lyndon B. Johnson, Sam Rayburn, J. William Fulbright, Walter Lippmann, James Reston, even Cabot Lodge at some points, and millions of other Americans.

6. I have given the reader all the data I could unearth, so that he can even base a judgment contrary to my own on material he will find there. But Professor Bemis likes Nicholas's three pages. So do I. It is therefore material to quote Nicholas's opinion of Dulles (*Britain and the United States*): his "deviousness, uncertain counsel, inopportune and ill-considered statements—in general for that something-less-than-frankness which throughout marred his diplomacy." My book contains the scrupulously garnered and coolly analyzed evidence for this view, as well as much that is favorable to Dulles.

I perceive that I have given pain to Professor Bemis by questioning his heroes and monopoly. I wish he had given more attention to the thesis and evidence of *Dulles Over Suez*.

HERMAN FINER.

Chicago, Ill.



"Don't let them know we're landlubbers."

The Receiver Replies

PROFESSOR FINER'S LETTER would seem to reveal the same intemperateness that characterizes his book. I would wish he would indicate the "factual inaccuracies" in my review.

I leave it to other scholars to weigh the several points that he has enumerated. I am amused, however, at his accusing me of "ethnic prejudices." Just what does he mean, I wonder? Anyone who knows me, my family ties, my colleagues, and my friends would scarcely believe that of me.

For my part, I have no current "heroes" or "monopolies."

Let Professor Finer cool down abit.

SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS.

New Haven, Conn.

Motto Mix-up

MARIO PEI, in "Parallel Proverbs" [*SR*, May 2], confuses the Naval Academy with the State of Maryland by quoting the state motto "Fatti Maschi, Parole Femine" ("Deeds are masculine, words feminine") as that of the Naval Academy. "Ex Scientia Tridens" ("From knowledge, sea-power") is the very apt motto of the Academy. Undoubtedly the Academy is no happier over the motto mix-up than we Marylanders.

MRS. WILLARD J. LUFF.

Gambrills, Md.

The Old Soldier

MY HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS and deep appreciation for N.C.'s editorial "Douglas MacArthur" [*SR*, May 2]. You have put the issue in proper perspective, you have given us all something to think about, and you have well defended a great, noble man.

W. HOWARD BRAMLETTE.

Nashville, Tenn.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Declarations of Independents

THE OLD order in Hollywood continues to change, and new faces and new ideas constantly appear on the horizon. The new has become the necessary. At the moment several studios are completely idle and, were it not for television, several more might well be in the same condition. The town is rife with the rumor that within the year two major companies may go out of business altogether. A recent *Variety* survey reveals that only thirty new films have gone into production this year, and of the seventeen currently shooting, nine are being made away from Hollywood—some of them as far away as Hawaii, Crete, Kenya, and Israel. Inevitably, most of them represent one form or another of independent production. Save for Warners and Disney, the traditional relationship between a studio and its productions has all but disappeared. And there are few who mourn its departure.

One of the more outspoken nonmourners is A. Ronald Lubin, formerly one of Hollywood's top agents, now one of its busiest producers. Chatting at lunch the other day, Lubin observed, "The trouble with the studio set-up was —and remains—the difficulty of getting half a dozen or more executives to agree on a project. One 'no' and it's dead. And it's always so much safer to say 'no.' No one can prove that you were wrong. So the studios tend to play it safe. They follow the formulas that have made successful films in the past, and they cast them with stars who have a record of box-office hits. Their pictures look familiar and feel familiar. They lack daring. They don't strive for greatness."

Lubin, whose first stab at greatness was in putting together the film version of *Billy Budd* two years ago, feels that it is his function as an independent producer "to make greatness happen." Using his own money, he assembles what Hollywood people like to call "the package"—the story or screenplay, the writer, the director, the stars. He must stimulate interest in his project, then convert interest into that most elusive of elements, the commitment. Only when he has lined up a number of firm commitments is he prepared to look for a studio that will finance, complete, and distribute his picture. In some instances, as in *Mila 18*, which he will make with author Leon Uris as partner, the commitment even includes partial financing; Yugoslavia, where the film will be shot, is assuming certain costs. For *Simon Bolivar*, which will be filmed in Colombia, he has already secured the interest and support of the President of the United States and several of the South American countries.

Also in the works for Lubin are *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which John Huston will direct, co-starring Rex Harrison and Cantinflas; an original now being written by Uris dealing with the Mexican revolution; and, nearing completion, *The Outrage* (formerly titled *Judgment in the Sun*), a Westernized version of *Rashomon* with Paul Newman, Claire Bloom, and Laurence Harvey. "Any of these pictures could have been done by a major studio," Lubin stated, "but they involved risks, or an imagination in casting that the studios no longer seem capable of. Most of all, they need that special combination of personalities and property—that special "chemistry"—that suddenly turns a vague idea into a picture that just has to happen. And that's the job of the independent producer today—to bring all the pieces together that will make not just another movie, but a great one."

Another approach to independence is represented by New Directions, a pooling of the talents of director Delbert Mann, writer Dale Wasserman, and producer Douglas Laurence. At present they are working in tandem on *Quick, Before It Melts*, a comedy based on the new book by Philip Benjamin. But, as Laurence explained, "We plan to work together only when there is something that we all want to do together. Right now, for example, Dale is working on *Man of La Mancha*, a musical version of *Don Quixote*, for Broadway next season, and Del has another studio commitment. We came together on this one because both Dale and I were interested in the story, and Del joined us because he wanted to direct it. That's the way we want to do it—to work independently, but also to know that whenever we come together we have the main elements of a package right in our hands: a top writer and a top director."

By coincidence, both Laurence and Lubin are operating out of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, once the most monolithic of studios. But it is no coincidence that both men claimed complete autonomy over their own productions. "Once they have seen the script and approved the casting, that's it," said Lubin. "After that, I'm strictly on my own to develop my picture as I saw it. Which is exactly the way an independent ought to be."

FOR the past few months, ever since he completed production of *Island of the Blue Dolphins*, a young man has been stumping the nation to focus attention on one area of motion picture entertainment that has been seriously neglected. In its urge to compete with television, Robert Radnitz points out, the industry has cut back drastically on the number of pictures produced specifically for children. In fact, almost as if by mutual consent, this area has become virtually the exclusive province of a single studio—Disney's. Radnitz, who has previously brought to the screen such children's classics as *A Dog of Flanders* and *Misty*, likes to tell about (but not to think about) the difficulty of convincing production heads that this near-monopoly is at once unrealistic and unnecessary. "They argue in a circle," he says. "On the one hand, they say that there's no money in films for children; but when you point out that Disney has made a fortune at it, they say that it's because of the Disney reputation—as if Disney didn't make that reputation by producing children's films."

Actually, Radnitz, who is still in his thirties, has no burning desire to challenge the Disney organization; he prefers to describe his pictures as family entertainment rather than as children's movies. But he draws an important distinction. "A good many pictures," he said recently, "are rated by national organizations as being 'suitable for family' simply because there is nothing in them that might be considered harmful or objectionable for children. But what about the adults? So often they are so bored or insulted—or both—by these pictures that they prefer to send the kiddies rather than take them. You can't blame them; but the result is that you lose that wonderful thing that can happen when an entire family enjoys the same picture together, each on his own level." Radnitz very consciously seeks stories and develops treatments that to him have the potential of ending up as "films that will not merely surfacely entertain, but will stimulate the imagination creatively as well." And he means for children and adults alike.

Because he feels that in movies the

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primary stimulus to the imagination must be visual, the scripts for Radnitz's films (all of them written by Ted Sherdeman) tend to keep conversation to a minimum—which may be one reason why his first film, *A Dog of Flanders*, was also the first American picture to win the Venice Film Festival's Golden Lion Award. Pictorial appeal is not limited by differences in either age or language.

Appropriately enough, *Island of the Blue Dolphins*, based on Scott O'Dell's Newbery Medal novel, receives its première this week (May 21) as the first feature film to be presented in the United States Pavilion at the World's Fair, in a screening arranged specifically for United Nations representatives and their children. What they will see is a bit of authentic Americana, the story of an Indian girl abandoned on a small island off the California coast in the middle of the last century. Left to her own resources, she becomes a female Robinson Crusoe, building her own shelter and implements, trapping and foraging for food, and (in place of Friday) domesticating an enormous wild dog that had killed her little brother and threatened her own life. For the eye, there are the endless beauties of rock, sand, and surf, handsomely captured by Leo Tover's color cameras, and the fascinating details of a young girl's efforts to make indifferent nature serve her needs. Just physically, it is a captivating experience.

EVEN on a more intellectual plane, however, the film is rewarding. Karana, energetically performed by newcomer Celia Kaye, has been left behind when Spanish missionaries evacuate the island after most of the males have been killed off by marauding Aleutian seal hunters. Years later, the Aleuts return, and Karana is discovered by one of their daughters. Lacking a common language, the two become friends through symbols of mutual trust and the desire for friendship. Their sequences together are neither overstressed nor sentimentalized, but they lend both point and charm to the picture. Symptomatic of the intelligence guiding the entire film was the decision to preserve the language barrier that separated the Indians from the Aleuts and their Spanish rescuers. It all adds up to a film that richly merits the patronage of every parent. And bring the children.

Indeed, the sole lack in *Island of the Blue Dolphins* is sufficient footage allocated to the frisky creatures of the title. To make up for it, M-G-M offers *Flipper's New Adventure*, which is also a bit Robinson Crusoeish (with Flipper as an acquatic Friday). *Send* the children.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

TV AND RADIO

Missed Opportunities

A NEW National Educational Television series of six half-hour programs called "African Writers of Today," is unusual, uneven in qualityity, and often eloquent with missed opportunities. The main lack is tension. David Rubadiri, a Nyasaland poet, uses that very word in one of the programs while lecturing to a class of African senior students on literary appreciation. "Telephone Conversation," a poem by Wole Soyinka, a Nigerian dramatist, is his text. In the poem, an African visiting London telephones an English landlady and tries to rent a room from her. Rubadiri comments that the tension is introduced when the caller, to save the landlady embarrassment, immediately establishes the fact that he is African. She seeks subtly to learn the precise shade of his skin, and his hurt, satirical answers provoke a break in the communication, releasing the tension. Mr. Rubadiri's reading and explanation of the poem is vivid and exciting. He then asks his students what they feel about it. At that moment the program veers away from the classroom to a narrator in the studio, who introduces a translated interview. The interview is static; the interaction in the classroom between teacher and students would probably have been more interesting, and I was left with great unsatisfied curiosity.

The same sort of theft of tension is repeated in the last program of the series. Once again Rubadiri is lecturing; once again he reads a poem and then declares to the class: "I think it's high time you did some talking, too. Is there anyone who's itching to chip in and say something about these two poems?" At which point the program ends. In the fourth program, host Lewis Nkosi, South African journalist and broadcaster, talks with Mr. Soyinka and Chinua Achebe, a Nigerian novelist. Their discussion about craftsmanship in African writing is urbane, polite, and formal. As time runs out, the sound track is cut off and we see the three writers leaning toward each other, smiling and no doubt uttering spontaneous, revealing remarks. "Why didn't they let us hear that?" commented someone watching the program with me. The three moments I have described were times when something was actually happening or about to happen before the camera, in contrast to low-key and congenial conversation.

Quite possibly these moments were not at all what the producers wanted to show, but they crackled with promise. In the fifth program, however, a good deal of this desirable tension and aliveness was delivered. William Abraham, associate professor of philosophy at the University of Ghana and author of *The Mind of Africa*, was interviewed by Nkosi and Soyinka. These men were not merely companionable writers in an amiable panel discussion. They reflected the old feud between the orderly Platonic mind and that of the creative artist who insists on his freedom from any social duty other than to be himself. There was the philosopher's bite at the poets when he snapped: "To take your question rather than your remark . . ." Dr. Abraham demanded that African writers produce critiques of African society and not escape into a "romantic African past that has no historical basis or contemporary significance." The writers seemed rather awed by his scholarly brilliance. They might have asked him how one can be an effective critic of one's society without some detachment from it, but in any event it was an electric, enjoyable, and illuminating show.

DESPITE its drawbacks, "African Writers of Today" is on the whole a commendable undertaking and is certainly unique in television. A viewer of all six programs meets some significant authors in the African literary explosion, ranging from the poorly educated but strikingly original primitive, Amos Tutuola, who wrote *Palm-Wine Drinkard* to the sophisticated product of white mission schools, David Rubadiri, who is now in the United States preparing to become the first ambassador to Washington and the United Nations from his new independent country, Nyasa.

The authors of this series debate the important African philosophy of "negritude" (the African personality, the sum total of values that characterize black civilization), the necessity for creating a market of African rather than European and American readers, and the advantages and disadvantages for South African writers who are compelled to live in exile. The programs illuminate the African's struggle to achieve a new wholeness of life, and they throw light on the white man's challenge as he struggles to fit together the pieces of the new world that is now emerging. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Real Royalty

THE Royal Shakespeare Company tour, which plays a much too brief three-week engagement at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater ending June 6, is the finest event of the current theater season. For not only does this world-acclaimed company perform two of Shakespeare's more difficult plays, *King Lear* and *The Comedy of Errors*, with astonishing clarity and effectiveness, but it also offers a new approach to classic drama presentation.

Take *King Lear*. Here is a play that has defied even our greatest actors, who at best have fitted its dimensions only at moments, only to slip back into the morass of its subplot or to generate a level of intensity they cannot later exceed as they must. Indeed, to play Lear is to discover the disparity between man's actual stature and the size of Shakespeare's creative kingdom. Now Peter Brook has directed and designed the old tragedy neither as an exploration of one man's agony nor as a suspenseful narrative of intrigue in high places. Rather, he appears to have seen *Lear* as Antonin Artaud or Samuel Beckett might have—as a poetic panorama of the world's horror and of mortal man's desperate but unique position in it. And these things relate to our lifetime as penetratingly as they do to the epoch of either Elizabethan Shakespeare or druidic Lear.

What strikes one almost immediately in this production is how much of the action has the quality of the dream and the subconscious. The settings are simple, but they are unearthly in their size, their aura of unreality, and their repeated use of huge, abstractly shaped objects that, like dreamed things, are not quite suitable for any indentifiable function. The costumes and makeup also transform the characters into poetic exaggerations of their inner states. And the action of the play itself seems to be a manifestation of the anxieties of both its individual participants and the whole society around them. Lear loves Cordelia too much. Therefore he must conjure up a situation in which his repressed suspicion that his love is not fully returned will be expressed. Conversely, Cordelia, who has accepted the position as her father's favorite, feels a compulsion to expiate in the opposite direction. Logically she knows she should say something flattering about her father, but in the darker world of this play she finds herself not doing so because of her rigid honesty.

This darker world established, Mr. Brook proceeds to unroll the nightmare with an abjuration of histrionics. The characters can accept the mystery of their acts as Lear's kingdom undergoes a long-overdue and total catharsis. It is an interfamily stagnation erupting violently, and since everyone in a family is responsible for everyone else there are no villains or heroes.

Paul Scofield's Lear is deeply experienced but magnificently controlled. Avoiding the temptation to screech or roar, he simply allows his vocal instrument to reverberate like tightly tuned kettle drums. Furthermore, his responses seem well considered, always.

The other members of the company make up for any individual shortcomings by the way in which they play together. Irene Worth's Goneril appears nearly as remorseful about hurting her father as he is at being upset. Ian Richardson quickly establishes his right to enjoy both the hilarious irony of his position and the fruits of an opportunism that is forced upon him by others.

However, one suspects that given the time and facilities Mr. Brook could achieve an approximation of this production with any talented and well-trained cast. For time and again we are struck with the stage pictures he composes, any one of which would grace a gallery. And the way he has persuaded each actor to speak Shakespeare in his own rhythm and to relate it to his own intelligence works wonders. Instead of feeling the traditional pressure of the meter, these actors take all the time in the world to shift into their own gear. In so doing, they bring genuineness to their actions and thought to their words. The young won't have *heard* so much in Shakespearean productions.

To prove that the Royal Shakespeare Company's recent vitality and progress is broad-based, it is also offering a theatrically playful entertainment that turns the ridiculous coincidences of *The Comedy of Errors* into an unpretentious funhouse. Director Clifford Williams, who rushed the production into being to fill the gap left by a postponement, starts off his magic show with a simple pyramid of platforms and a bunch of acting fodder arriving onstage in black work clothes. When in pairs they mime amusingly the various backstage acts of transformation into makeup and costume embellishment.

Thus they hint to us that this is to be a parade of simple and traditional theatrical devices designed to keep us entertained. Aegeon's opening narrative will not be exposition, but an amusing problem for the actor, who will have the obvious sympathy of his listening fellow actors. And the actors will continue to find workable humor in the real embarrassment of facing preposterously artificial situations. Unashamedly but never smugly, Mr. Williams uses music-hall tricks, varied dialects, sudden contrasts, breaking up long speeches with pantomimed reactions, and making judicious use of patterned repetition. The latter is most effective when the jeweler employs a pronunciation of the word "chain" that carries in it the desperation of a man trying vainly to get paid for his handiwork amid a welter of confusion. Each new repetition becomes increasingly hilarious and preserves the comic tone of this delightful romp.

—HENRY HEWES.

"You might as well quit, honey. Somebody else has just published a biography of General Grant's orderly.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tudor's *Dim Lustre*—Chavez No. 6

DIM LUSTRE is not among the greatest of Antony Tudor's ballets nor even in the category verging on those choice works, but what a lift it is giving to those programs in which it is being performed by the New York City Ballet in the New York State Theater! If it does not have in the most concentrated form the poetic perception, the fantasy and the theater sense that make *Jardin aux Lilas, Pillar of Fire,* or *Dark Elegies* unforgettable, it has strong enough suggestions of them, intermittently, to provide a desirable counter-balance to a repertory all too heavily committed to the abstractions, the formalities, and the intricacies of its director-choreographer George Balanchine.

What is more to the point, it gives another challenge to the minds and bodies of its dancers, who are all too often the faceless equivalents of manikins, manipulated by the puppeteering wizardry of their "inventor." This is not to pit one choreographer against the other, or downgrade the enormous abilities Balanchine has applied to creating the company and its repertory. Rather it is to say that if the company is to be worthy of the larger stage of operation (in more than the physical sense) that it now enjoys, it must extend its resources accordingly.

Danced to Richard Strauss's *Burleske* (as it was when it was first done for Ballet Theater in 1943), it deals in mood and atmosphere, suggestion rather than elucidation, allusion rather than direct statement. Couples come and go in the surroundings of a ball room (artfully devised by Beni Montresor to look as well dark as lit) and the presumption is that they stray from their partners to others with whom they have passing encounters as memories are aroused and destinies intertwined. From time to time the background dissolves into a fantasy of dualism, in which two dancers—alternately male and female—mimic the actions of the other, as if to suggest a mirror through which the past is reflected. True to his own concept of the imperfect cadence, there is no resolution, no "happy ending" in Tudor's *Dim Lustre* as the couples drift apart with the slow descent of the curtain to suggest that it will happen again, some other place, some other time.

In any individual sequence, the action flows with the lyric impulse, the awareness (which characterizes Tudor at his best) that incompleteness is as much a part of life as resolution. Where it fails of complete persuasion is in the lack of a strong central character, male or female, to whom the audience can attach a sense of identity. This leaves it at best rather amorphous and wispy. Indecision can be a powerful theatrical experience, but only if it is conveyed as such, rather than as a by-product of the creator's failure to be decisive. Some responsibility could be put upon the performers, for adept as they were physically, neither Patricia McBride, Patricia Neary, Edward Villella nor Richard Rapp have yet acquired the power of projection to enter into Tudor's private dream world. (A realm well known to Nora Kaye, Hugh Laing, Muriel Bentley, Michael Kidd, John Kriza, Rosella Hightower, and Janet Reed, when they joined the creator in the original production). There is, after all, much more left to the individual in his aesthetic than in Balanchine's, and it takes a while for those indoctrinated in the latter's methods to realize their own latent capacities for expression. The far from simple piano part was beautifully performed by Gordon Boelzner, and Robert Irving's direction of the orchestra was both probing and evocative.

PERHAPS it was a failure of judgment for Carlos Chavez to specify, in the program commentary for his Sixth Symphony's first performance by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Leonard Bernstein's direction, that it was his intention to compose a work "within classic limitations," adding, for emphasis "classic, not *neo*-classic." For this seems to have aroused a segment of the press which deems "classic" a term to be resisted, if not decried.

In any case, to my taste, Chavez's Sixth Symphony, written for the Philharmonic's inaugural season in its new hall but not completed in time to be performed until this second season, is a masterful work—which means that it expresses precisely what this master craftsman intended. Whatever the question of tonal relation aroused by a reference to "classic limitations," Chavez has managed to create a work that is both freely composed and logically imagined, in a broadly flowing pattern of idea at once unfettered and strongly disciplined. The ease and purpose with which Chavez moves his musical materials about shows the practised hand of one, who, at sixty-five, builds with sonority as some may with stone. Indeed, in the forty-three variations of the final

(*Continued on page* 51)

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Boomlet in the Johnson Country

By TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

IF A visitor had entered Johnson City, Texas, a few months ago he would have been greeted by a sign, reading "Welcome to the Home of the Pedernales Electric Co-op Assn." If he enters today he will read "Welcome to the Home Town of Lyndon B. Johnson." If he enters nearby Stonewall he reads "Home of LBJ." If he enters Blanco he reads "Homeland of LBJ."

All of this recent sign-sprouting adds up to the fact that the legal home, the birthplace, and the home county of the 36th President of the United States have discovered the "LBJ industry" and are acting on it. Like alert entrepreneurs everywhere, the local citizenry is moving swiftly to lay out the plant site, stockpile the raw materials, and toot the sales promotion horn.

For the accession of Lyndon B. Johnson to the Presidency has suddenly dragged minuscule Johnson City (pop. 611), Stonewall (pop. 135), and Blanco (pop. 789) in the "hill country" of Central Texas—about as deep in the heart as you can get—out of nearly a century of obscurity and thrust the modest LBJ ranch into the national spotlight as the latest Little White House. All three communities are engaged in a friendly feud—sometimes not so friendly under the surface—to claim the great man as their own and to share in the benefits of his elevation.

Like Hyannisport, Gettysburg, and Hyde Park before it, the rambling, thirteen-room stone-and-wood ranch house has almost overnight become a prime magnet for motorists touring the rolling cattle country around Austin, the state capital, and San Antonio, the site of the Alamo. As one passes through such enticingly named settlements as Dripping Springs and Hye, he comes upon the LBJ domain, nestling in a grove of oak trees on the Pedernales River ("Pedernales" means "rocks" or "stones" in Spanish), sixty-five miles west of Austin, near U.S. 290.

If the President and his family are not in residence and the Secret Service operatives on the premises are lenient, the motorist may drive down newly designated Texas Ranch Road No. 1 past the tiny American Lutheran Church, enter the property through a broad, white gate, and cross a long, narrow lake that has been formed by damming the river. If he is not stopped by this time, he will find himself in a neatly landscaped front yard dominated by a century-old oak and embellished with a kidney-shaped swimming pool approached by a "Friendship Walk," in which one stone is inscribed "John Kennedy, 1960."

When the Johnson forebears settled here in the late 1840s, they built a log-and-stone cabin in the form of a fort as a protection against Comanche raids. But as the years passed and the raids ceased they added successive wings of wood in a style that might be called Texas Colonial. On the grounds are the dilapidated little structure where Lyndon was born in 1908 and the one-room school where he began his struggle with book learning at the age of four. Strutting about the place are a small flock of peahens and one blue-crested peacock that some irreverent reporter has christened "Pistol Pete."

Surrounding the home are 415 acres of reasonably fertile soil dedicated primarily to the breeding of registered Hereford cattle and purebred sheep. The bovine herd numbers about 200, of which one truculent bull is named "Friendly Nixon." Lurking in the thickets on the back forty are coveys of white-tailed deer, flocks of wild turkey, and a passel of small game. The former is the principal ingredient in the Johnson recipe for deer-meat sausage. Contrasting with these bucolic features is a short landing strip that will take small private planes and helicopters.

While the welcome mat at the front door of the LBJ home, a gift of the Women's National Press Club in Washington, proclaims that "all the world is welcome here," this has not been true since November 22. Whenever the President and the First Lady return to the spot they love best and the Presidential flag is run up the pole beneath the Stars and Stripes and the Lone Star emblem, the "Feds" will stop the public at the gate alongside a sign warning "Restricted Area—Authorized Personnel Only" and the visitors will have to gaze on the scene from afar.

If the LBJ spread is stingy with its hospitality for security reasons, the little farm town of Johnson City, thirteen miles east, is wide open for any passing motorist and hungry for business. Contrary to many published reports, the village was *not* founded by the President's grandfather, Samuel Ealy Johnson, but by James P. Johnson, a distant cousin, in 1879. Young Sam was prominent in the area as a cattle rancher, however, and is still remembered as a rugged Indian fighter.

Johnson City is a pleasant, undistinguished town with its buildings strung out two or three blocks deep along U.S. Highway 290 like beans in a pod. It is the political seat of Blanco County, and its most attractive showplace is the

—*Wide World*

New Texas Tycoons—LBJ souvenirs and JFK mementos are turned out in a home not far from the Johnson ranch. Business is booming.

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county courthouse, built of native stone. It is the center of a diversified ranching section given over to the raising of cattle, sheep, and goats and the growing of peaches and other fruits. It is neither rich nor poor and harbors neither wealth nor unemployment. The town has one bank, a grain and feed mill, eight service stations, seven restaurants and cafés, six churches, a weekly newspaper, and the usual assortment of shops and stores. Up to a few months ago, its principal industry was the Pedernales Electric Cooperative, which it owes to the political influence of then Senator Johnson and which it boasts is "the largest rural electrification authority in the world."

Today the most important structure in town is the seven-room frame house, one block off Main Street, in which Lyndon Johnson was raised and where he first dreamed of being President. Still owned by the family, it has recently been repainted a gleaming white and encircled by a new picket fence of cedar poles, from which souvenir hounds have already stripped every vestige of bark. The plan is to refurnish it with genuine Johnson antiques and reopen it to the public as a museum and civic center. A few blocks away is the little white church where Lyndon attended Sunday School and sang "Onward Christian Soldiers." On the outskirts are the ruins of the old fort, scene of the last Indian battle of Deer Creek.

Once the visitor has covered these landmarks, he has just about run out of sightseeing. If he wishes to leave some cash in town, he might make a purchase at the IGA Department Store ("20% Off on Ladies-Ready-to-Wear"), buy some fruit at the Big-Low Food Store, have a Coke at Fawcett's Drugs, get a manicure at Agnes's Beauty Salon, stop for a sandwich at Danz's Bar-B-Q House ("Home-Cooked Meals"), or have a full meal at Charles, the newest and fanciest restaurant. If he strolls down Nugent Avenue in mid-afternoon he may encounter a group of old cowhands in their ten-gallon hats swapping reminiscences in front of the barber shop where Lyndon shined shoes as a boy when, as one card tells it, his family was eating pork and beans without the pork. If he ventures the same way after nine o'clock at night he may not find a soul on the street except the town marshal.

As one talks to the townsfolk he gets the impression that their sudden rise to prominence is the biggest development since Johnson City wrested the County Seat from Blanco in the 1890s in a bitter political battle. Some are inclined to feel that the town is going straight to heaven, financially, on the strength of its new-found fame, and others are persuaded to play it safe for the time being —perhaps with an eye on the November election.

If Johnson City is not experiencing a boom as yet, it is nursing a boomlet as Secret Service men and their families move in, arrangements are made to link the Little White House with Washington and the world, and a small but steady stream of tourists drives through to visit the new shrines. Real estate prices between the village and the ranch are said to be escalating, rents for homes are going up, and some estimates are that service stations, motels, and restaurants are enjoying a 25 per cent increase in receipts.

Although Johnson City and its sister communities are feuding over the honors and the rewards, they are also cooperating in a joint assault on the tourist wallet in an effort to carpet the countryside with a thick layer of greenbacks. R. K. McKinney, president of the Chamber of Commerce, has been huddling with his opposite numbers in Stonewall, Blanco, and German-American Fredericksburg to raise funds for a collective promotion campaign to benefit the whole area within a fifty-mile radius. Several thousand dollars have been collected so far and the platter is still being passed.

One of the first things Johnson City did was to change the name of its schools to the Lyndon B. Johnson High School and Lyndon B. Johnson Elementary School. (The schoolhouse he attended as a youth has since burned down.) Blanco followed suit with a proposal to change the name of Blanco State Park to Johnson State Park. Johnson City hurriedly installed street names on streets that had never needed any identification, and erected three illuminated "Welcome" signs on the major approaches to town.

At the same time, one of the three motels in Johnson City began adding five rooms to its twelve-room capacity in expectation of increased customers, and a café owner in Stonewall near the Johnson home announced plans to build a ten-room motel in the hope of reaping a windfall. Even when this expansion is completed, there will not be more than fifty rooms available in the immediate area and their facilities will be closer to the tourist courts of the Thirties than to 1964 luxury models.

Whereas there was hardly a folder, a postcard, or a gimcrack available in the local shops, now a full line of souvenirs from tiny flower holders to huge ash trays (including an atrocious one with a fake six-shooter and the LBJ brand embedded in it) will shortly go on sale at prices ranging from 75 cents to $2.50. Mrs. Minnie Cox, the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce says of this effort: "We hope whatever we do will be a credit to our President."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Continuing War

IN WILLIAM FAULKNER'S *Absalom, Absalom!* we find Quentin Compson, in 1910, talking with his Harvard roommate, Shreve McCannon, in an attempt to reconstruct the story of Thomas Sutpen. At one point Shreve breaks out, "Jesus, the South is fine, isn't it. It's better than the theater, isn't it. It's better than Ben Hur, isn't it." Later he says:

> We don't live among defeated grandfathers and freed slaves (or have I got it backward and was it your folks that are free and the niggers that lost?) and bullets in the dining room table and such, to be always reminding us to never forget. What is it? something you live and breathe in like air? a kind of vacuum filled with wraithlike and indomitable anger and pride and glory at and in happenings that occurred and ceased fifty years ago? a kind of entailed birthright father and son and father and son of never forgiving General Sherman, so that forevermore as long as your children's children produce children you won't be anything but a descendant of a long line of colonels killed in Pickett's charge at Manassas?

"Gettysburg," Quentin automatically corrects him, and goes on, "You can't understand it. You would have to be born there."

Nearly thirty years have gone by since Faulkner wrote that passage and more than fifty since the date on which the conversation supposedly took place; but Shreve's astonishment can still be felt by almost anyone who has spent his life north of the Mason-Dixon line. What Shreve felt as he listened to Quentin's story is what I have felt in reading John William Corrington's first novel, *And Wait for the Night* (Putnam, $5.95).

Corrington is a man of thirty-one, born and brought up in Shreveport, Louisiana, educated at Centenary College and Rice University, and now a member of the faculty of Louisiana State University. He has written a long novel about life in Shreveport shortly after Lee's surrender. It is by no means a conventional historical novel, with bold heroes and bosomy heroines, but a conscientious attempt to explore the mind of the South at the beginning of the Reconstruction.

In a prefatory note Corrington says: "No attempt has been made to follow with exactitude the closing days of the Vicksburg resistance or the early days of Shreveport's military occupation. The author vouches only for the accuracy of feelings ascribed to the Southerners. *La plus ça change*, and so forth." His epigraph is a statement by Alexander Stephens, vice president of the Confederate States: ". . . the cause of the South was the cause of us all." The book's title comes from a comment by a Northern observer, James Shepherd Pike, in *The Prostrate State* (1874): ". . . they staked all and lost all, their lives remain, their property and their children do not. War, emancipation, and grinding taxation have consumed them. Their struggle now is against complete confiscation. They endure, and wait for the night."

Most of the action takes place in Shreveport in June and July of 1865, but there is a long section on the siege

of Vicksburg two years earlier, and there are many flashbacks, some of them concerned with the Mexican War. Two central characters are Amos Stevens and Edward Sentell, who represent the highest ideals of the ante-bellum South. Sentell is one of many Confederate officers who are paroled after the surrender of Vicksburg but one of the few who keep their oath not to bear arms. Condemned and scorned by most of his former friends, he holds to his honor at all costs. Stevens lost his arm in the Mexican War and would have lost his life had it not been for his slave, Rye Crowninshield. Amos freed Rye, and the two remained for many years the closest of friends. Ironically, Amos's son becomes a bitter, uncompromising foe of the victorious Union and a leader in the Ku Klux Klan, while Rye's son, who has served in the Yankee army, is determined to throw off the burden of white supremacy.

Opposed to the good men of the

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South, Sentell and Stevens, we have a bad man of the North. Jonathan Lodge, son of a rich and conservative Boston family, was shocked when his brother took up the abolitionist cause, and doubly shocked when he was killed in an attempt to deliver a fugitive slave. Since he did not want a brother of his to look ridiculous, Jonathan decided to support the abolitionists so as to make the brother seem a martyr. (This is what Corrington says.) He went into politics, was elected to Congress, and, after receiving an affront from a Southern leader, became a fanatic. He supported John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, hoping to precipitate civil war, and he studied Clausewitz and Machiavelli. After serving without distinction in the commissary department during the war, he was placed in charge of the garrison of Shreveport, becoming virtual dictator of that community. He does everything calculated to outrage good Southerners, including the importation of colored troops.

CORRINGTON, it must be understood, does not argue that all Yankees are as bad as Colonel Lodge. There is a lieutenant who is dismayed by the extremism of his commanding officer, and a sergeant who has a little common sense. It is also true that not all Southerners are virtuous: there are rabid rebels and self-seeking rascals. But certainly there is no one on the Yankee side as good as Sentell and Stevens, and no one on the Confederate side as bad as Colonel Lodge. Mr. Corrington is still trying to demonstrate that the Confederacy should have won the War Between the States.

I cannot imagine a Northern author at this point writing a novel to prove that the Union was 100% right, or, for that matter, more than 51% right. But of course Corrington has a right to his opinion. What bothers me is that, in trying to give creative expression to his belief, he has produced a series of stereotypes. Colonel Lodge is so obviously a fabrication that only a man who could vote for Governor Wallace for President would be likely to believe in him. And most of the other characters, though not so obviously synthetic, scarcely have the breath of life. Corrington writes well, especially in describing violent action, and the story moves at a good pace on its way to a climax that is almost as gory as the end of *Hamlet*. But Corrington, to use Shreve's phrase, is "filled with wraithlike and indomitable anger and pride and glory at and in happenings that occurred and ceased fifty [read "one hundred"] years ago," and as a result, in spite of his talents, is playing a game with puppets.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

ON THE FRINGE

More Human Than People

IF YOU associate the name Tomi Ungerer only with children's book illustration, better think twice and look at least once before having his *The Underground Sketchbook* (Viking) delivered to your favorite youngster. One peek could send the kid straight to the state funny farm. *The Underground Sketchbook*, to be published this week, is Mr. Ungerer's pen-in-venom report on the world around him. It is a world in which marriage is two people literally nailed together, where sex is a lethal weapon, where people resemble machines, and where machines are often more human than people. The book runs the gamut from horror to hilarity with no unimaginative stops in between.

One can look at such a book and do one of two things: shut it quickly and run like hell, or nervously ask to meet its creator. Having recently seen a thoroughly pleasant little book for three-year-olds entitled *One, Two, Where's My Shoe?* by the same artist, I chose the latter.

What showed up was a man who, except for an accent he says is French-German, might well have been an actor seeking a job as a young Abe Lincoln. Tomi—short for Tomas—Ungerer is over six feet tall and sports a stripe of beard that runs from ear to ear and under his chin like a helmet strap. Though the sketches in his upcoming book are viciously satirical, there is no suggestion of Angry Young Man about the artist. Mr. Ungerer is soft-spoken, friendly, and on the shy side.

QUESTION: I've just seen two books by you. Are there any others at the moment?

ANSWER: There are two children's books I've illustrated: *Flat Stanley*, by Jeff Brown, for Harper & Row, and *The Clambake Mutiny*, by Jerome Beatty, Jr., for Young Scott.

Q: How many books a year do you do?

A: About three of my own and an unlimited number which I illustrate for others.

Q: Anything else?

A: Advertising art, magazine illustration, sculpting and painting. I also design and build my own kites.

Q: As a hobby, you mean?

A: Yes. I have many hobbies. I collect old inventions, medical books, lead soldiers and other toys. I'm also interested in mineralogy. And I like to take "Barbie" dolls and strip them and then trim them with hooks and wire. Another hobby is practical jokes.

Q: Such as?

A: I have a wig with a bald spot. Once I wore it to a barber shop and asked for a haircut. I took off the wig at the last moment. Sometimes at the beach I do sand sculpture. Once I built a huge backside in the sand. Another time I made a complete cemetery with graves and driftwood crosses. Also, I have this butcher's poster showing cuts of meat. I like to wrap it around my body under my shirt. Then when I'm talking with someone, I quietly open my shirt button and reach in and scratch so they notice the poster.

Q: Getting back to your work, there is such a difference between the drawings for *Flat Stanley* and *The Underground Sketchbook* that I wonder what is your drawing style.

A: Style is for the pure artist—a Matisse—but I am not one. If you stick to a style it is frustrating. I am terrified of repeating myself.

Q: In *The Underground Sketchbook* you present a grim picture of marriage. Are you married?

A: I'm happily married. We have three girls.

Q: What does your wife think of your book?

A: She thinks it is my best book and she hates it. It is an embarrassing situation, my judgment on women. All of this emancipation crap. Women should be kept out of everything. Life is a maiming experience.

Q: Is this what you are saying in your book?

A: I'm no deep brain, no philosopher. I'm saying life is a maimed thing today. Everything is so easy. People lose their sense of values, their sense of proportion. Nowadays, there are no standards. Communication is impossible. People are more lost than ever. Romantic love is all in the brain.

Q: One last question. What about your next book?

A: I want to do a book on girdles. I will do the drawings. The text will be from girdle ads. Girdles are a symbol. Even teen-agers are forced to wear them though they have beautiful flourishing bodies. Girdles are a symbol of society's desire for perfection. The title will be something with "foundation" in it. It will be a limited edition. I want to do it for the sheer pleasure of doing a beautiful book.

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Vertigo, anyone? Have you ever seen one of those trick pictures that duplicates itself over and over again seemingly to infinity? For example, you are looking at a picture of an end table with a picture on it. The picture on the end table is of an end table on which stands a picture of an end table on which there is a picture of . . . got the idea now? Well, no need to go trotting around to the galleries for that sort of thing when you can treat yourself to the same maddening effect by stepping inside your nearest bookstore.

Ready? Thomas Helmore is an actor. Thomas Helmore is an actor currently appearing on Broadway in the long-run comedy *Mary, Mary*. In *Mary, Mary* Thomas Helmore the actor appears as an actor who has written a book. Thomas Helmore the actor who portrays the actor who has written a book is an actor who has written a book. The book that the real actor—not the one he plays—has written is a novel of suspense entitled *Affair at Quala* (Simon & Shuster). It has nothing to do with the theater, or even end tables for that matter. And speaking of vertigo, it is the title of one of the many motion pictures in which Mr. Helmore has appeared.

Afterthought: In the theater, Mr. Helmore is billed as "Tom" while his writing self is "Thomas." Could there be a clue in this as to status order in the arts?

News bulletin for Gorey addicts (he being Edward Gorey, the sometime author, always illustrator of a series of little way-out humor books that might best be described as "graveyard Victorian" in style): the Michelangelo of the macabre has sneaked a new book—for want of a better word—into print. It is a (highly) original paperback that measures 6½ inches by 2⅝ inches and has an orange cover with the number "15" on the front and the word "TWO" on the back. The book contains thirty-two pages of what might be—and probably aren't—hippopotamuses lumbering somewhere in single file, each speaking a word ("badigeon," "catafalque," "piacle," for example) dear to the illustrator's heart. The book does have a title and a byline, but Gorey fans—those still allowed to run loose—will have to figure those out for themselves. The colophon of The Fantod Press, which looks like a shy anteater devouring its own tail, indicates that Mr. Gorey has published this book himself. ("A fantod," according to Mr. Corey, "is an archaic word meaning an attack of the vapors.") If you must have this book—and if you are a rabid Goreyphile, you must—it can be ordered for $1.50 prepaid ($1.56 for N.Y.C. residents) from The British Book Centre, 122 E. 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

A Liberal Conservative Speaks

Order of Battle: A Republican's Call to Reason, *by Jacob K. Javits (Atheneum. 328 pp. $5.95), addresses itself to all Americans interested in seeing how conservative principles may be employed to deal with today's problems. Roscoe Drummond is a syndicated Washington columnist.*

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

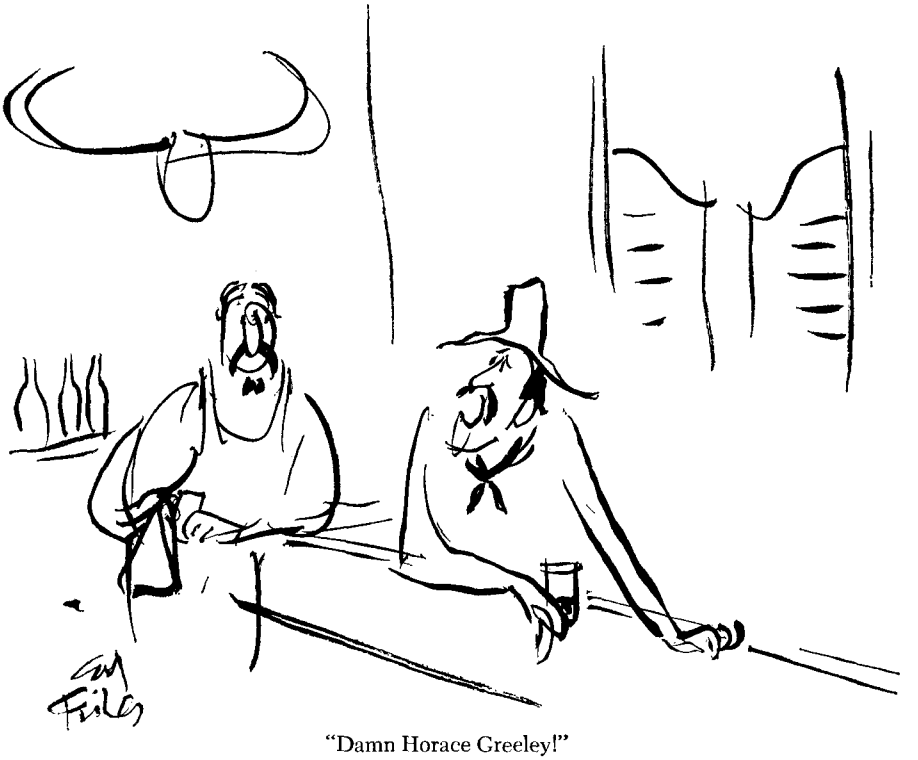
JACOB K. JAVITS, the senior Republican Senator from New York, is the right man who has written the right book at the right time. *Order of Battle* is not just another political tract dispensing clichés and partisan eyewash. It is written from the mind as well as from the heart; it is written from experience (Mr. Javits has experienced personal poverty and earned affluence) as well as from reason.

It is the right book because it is concrete and controversial and compelling. Though perhaps not so intended, it is the needed reply and counterargument to Senator Goldwater's widely read *The Conscience of a Conservative.*

It comes at the right time because American political opinion is in a state of serious flux over how we can secure the Free World without war; how we can achieve racial justice without terrible racial turmoil; how we can radically reduce unemployment and poverty, which have continued to grow despite sustained national prosperity.

Mr. Javits approaches all of these matters—and others—with fresh ideas and fresh words. He is the right man to have done it because he has the credentials to speak out—and to be listened to. He is neither an ivory-tower economist nor a theoretical politician. Seven times he has submitted his views to the voters of the most populous state in the Union; and he has earned their respect and confidence through eighteen years in public life, as a four-term member of Congress, as Attorney General of New York State, and as U.S. Senator.

In a different way, he, too, bespeaks the conscience of a conservative. He speaks his mind and his conscience at a crucial moment when some 34,000,000 Republican voters (at least, there were that many in 1960) are about to have a fateful decision made for them—the decision not only as to whom their Party shall nominate for President but as to



"Damn Horace Greeley!"

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what brand of conservative doctrine the Republican Party shall embrace.

Javits aims to use conservative principles—encouragement of competitive enterprise through tax and fiscal policy, use of the Federal Government only when it is needed, a freer trading world, equal opportunity for all citizens because it is right and because their talents are needed to produce an expanding economy—in dealing with the nation's problems, rather than mouth these principles as an excuse to neglect them. That, I believe, is the central Javits philosophy, and he applies it zestfully and painstakingly to such questions as these:

How can we expand the frontiers and fruits of free enterprise and simultaneously achieve a humane society?

How can we make headway toward winning the Cold War?

What does bipartisanship in foreign policy really mean?

How can we rebuild the Atlantic Alliance?

What needs to be done to achieve Free World integration?

Why should Republicans be proud to be known as the "Party of Business" and how can they best deserve that title?

What are the human needs of the metropolitan man in this second half of the twentieth century, and what should he do about these needs?

Why should the Republican Party consider it crucial to regain the support of the millions of voters in the thirty-six largest cities, and how shall it achieve this?

Senator Javits contends that, despite the Hardings and the Coolidges, the Republican Party has predominantly pursued the national interest. He holds that the vital line of evolution in the Party "was the line whose great human links were Alexander Hamilton, a Federalist, Henry Clay, who revitalized the Federal strain in the one-party politics of his day, Abraham Lincoln, founder of the new Republican Party, Theodore Roosevelt, who added the word 'progressive' to his Party's identity." He pays tribute to such modern Republicans as Hughes, Root, Stimson, Vandenberg, Eaton, Willkie, Dewey, Eisenhower, and others.

It is in this tradition that Mr. Javits has written his book. He addresses it not to Republicans alone, but to all Americans who want to see how they can use conservative principles to deal actively with today's problems. Some readers, like myself, will not agree with everything in *Order of Battle*; others may agree with scarcely anything. But I commend it to both groups. We will all be better equipped to make tomorrow's decisions for having read it.

Corpuscles of Her Corpus

Françoise Mallet-Joris—discarded shams.

A Letter to Myself, *by Françoise Mallet-Joris, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Farrar, Straus. 237 pp. $4.95), contemplates the past and the future of a writer who may be the most likely successor to Colette. Germaine Brée is professor of French literature at the Institute for Research in the Humanities, University of Wisconsin.*

By GERMAINE BREE

"THE COOL room with its tiled floor. Outside sun-baked fields. Apple trees; cows. Summer. A visitor. 'What are you doing now?' 'I am writing a novel.'"

From the very first words, *A Letter to Myself* moves with the swiftness and strength of a masterpiece. Now in her mid-thirties, with five novels and a book of short stories behind her (not to mention a book of poems published when she was in her early teens), Françoise Mallet-Joris is clearly outstripping her contemporaries. *A Letter to Myself* is that rare thing, a great and fascinating book; it is also a moving book which one reads with infinite delight and respect. Not a single word is wasted, not a sentence is used for mere effect.

Mme. Mallet-Joris reviews her life after the thirty years of involvement in the complex process of living—and of living as a hard-working writer—that finally led her to a rendezvous with herself and, in a small Paris church, with God. At the same time she is still moving forward towards the writing of another book. And her underlying subject is just that: the power, the significance, the exigencies of writing. Her "letter to herself" is neither confession nor autobiography, but a wonderfully free, candid probing and meditation. Certain key words set apart in type mark those moments when a conversation, a memory, an observation, a friend encountered suggest a character, a situation, a way of life to be explored, retrieved, captured through words. In great part, what she is probing is the inner urge that brought her every morning to confront these words and set them out on a blank page.

There is not a trace of complacency in this account of the paths she has taken, no sermonizing, no damning of herself, of others, or of society. Yet nothing escapes the discerning eye of this young woman who so calmly appraises and discards the shibboleths and shams of the sophisticated, civilized society of which, as a writer, she is a part: the "new novel," the "committed" intellectuals, the semi-artists, the myths and daydreams. If this lucid, light, and frequently amusing examination never becomes strident or brittle, it is because Mallet-Joris never loses that thread which led her through the labyrinth and made her the writer she is—her stubborn commitment to her own form of truth.

A Letter to Myself is as persuasive as the best of novels, and it is more than a novel. Free from any theorizing or dogma, fuss or posturing, it describes an experience in which living and writing are bound closely together, one substantiating the other. The book may well mark a turning-point in the present orientation of the French novel.

To compare one woman writer to another, just because they are women, is a pointless game. But if the mantle of Colette is to fall on another woman writer in France, Françoise Mallet-Joris, different though she be, is certainly at the moment the most likely heir. Her earlier novels had testified to her unusual acuity of vision, her rich sense of the concrete, and her undeniable ability to create character. *A Letter to Myself* reveals the scope of her imagination and sensibility.

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Affectionately Yours

Letters to a Sister, *by Rose Macaulay, edited by Constance Babington-Smith (Atheneum. 353 pp. $5), reveal the celebrated novelist and her more conventional sister exchanging comments "at their slippered ease." Aileen Pippett is the author of "The Moth and the Star," a biography of Virginia Woolf.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

LESS than a year separated Rose and Jean Macaulay. In childhood they called one another "twin." Later their paths diverged. Rose became a celebrated novelist, broadcaster, and wit. She mixed with the intellectual élite, traveled widely, had a secret lover, and lapsed from the Anglican Church. Jean was a district nurse in southern England and remained a faithful Christian. But despite their different careers family ties held the sisters fast in affection.

This volume, like *Letters to a Friend* and *Last Letters to a Friend*, is a one-sided correspondence, since Dame Rose willed that all letters written to her should be destroyed. What Father Johnson wrote can only be conjectured; what Jean wrote can be guessed with some certainty. Her news would be different, her style probably less elegant, her asides less pungent; but essentially the letters she wrote would have been similar to those she received.

A lack of conflict or tension is evident. Clearly the sisters are at their slippered ease together, deep in an intimacy that excludes outsiders. They exchange comments on radio programs, newspaper articles, speeches, public affairs: the charlady's husband has views about a strike, says Rose; Mussolini is madder than ever; what can one make of Munich? Daily doings are reported. On her travels Rose notes items that might interest a nurse, *e.g.*, Turkish women's clothes are unhygienic. She sends her books and is glad Jean likes them; of what goes into their making Rose says nothing.

The letters are charming but superficial; so much is taken for granted that there is no need to probe. Neither the tragedies of Rose's life nor her return to the religious fold are mentioned. One senses family complicity to avoid any hint of scandal, as though she had been naughty but was a good girl now, so we'll say no more about it. The only change is that Rose can now write about how she has been shopping around for sermons to her taste.

The book is meticulously edited, but the necessary footnotes interfere with our eavesdropping by interjecting whispered explanations. This collection was undoubtedly a labor of love; it raises, however, the question of whether it should have been done at all. Would proud and private Rose have consented? The publication of her letters to Father Johnson was perhaps helpful; but no such claim can be made in this case, for here we find not the consolations of philosophy but the comfort derived from regular religious practice.

THESE letters increase our affection for Rose Macaulay but add nothing to her stature as a writer (although a fragment of an unfinished novel shows her to have been alert and active to the end of her life). She and Jean dwindle to nice old ladies, amiably chattering. They deserve to rest in peace.

Postscripts and Afterthoughts

To Number Our Days: An Autobiographical Memoir, *by Pierre van Paassen (Scribners. 404 pp. $7.50), takes a second look at the clergyman-journalist's adventure-packed life. Hal Lehrman reports frequently from or about Europe, Asia, and Africa.*

By HAL LEHRMAN

A QUARTER-CENTURY after his first successful attempt, Pierre van Paassen makes a second try here at the story of his life. Hardly fifty of some 400 pages in this "autobiographical memoir" deal with events fresher in time than the famed *Days of Our Years*, which van Paassen published in 1939 and revised up to 1941. The rest —presumably remnants from editorial surgery or recollections in more recent tranquillity, and all stitched together with tendons from the earlier book—offers new flesh for old bones.

On the face of it, a fine enterprise. A rich life deserves postscripts and afterthoughts from its principal observer. The van Paassen life, we old reviewers remember, certainly merits retelling. Ancient readers and young ones alike will enjoy whole chapters, as well as a parade of sometimes random anecdotes and reminiscence, never hinted at in the first run. The style is lusty and mellow, more than before, a sign of rotund maturity.

But—and this is the puzzler—the *facts* this time do not always jibe with the facts as before. There is a journalistic fuzziness here that tends to shake one's confidence, to put it mildly.

To get the credits out of the way first, let it be said that the little Dutch boy who was frightened into a stutter by hobgoblins and grew up to be first an apprentice clergyman and then an ace reporter, foreign correspondent, and lecturer still knows how to spin a good yarn. He catches the accents of all languages and nationalities, from Atlanta Negroes to French jurists, Polish generals, and Zionist militants. It is worth the admission price to be with him when he meets a family of bears on his frozen gospel trail in the Canadian North, or digs explosive tunnels under German trenches in World War I, or wanders around 1918 Paris with a gusto that brought a lump of nostalgia to the throat of this later wanderer. He is eloquent and often impressive on such grave matters as war, peace, freedom, and spiritual integrity, how not to teach religion and sex to the young, how to teach tolerance to the old.

BUT it then becomes a sad mystery why such a reputable writer should throw all this—and by legitimate inference all his widely-read earlier work—straight into the garbage can by tinkering with the facts of his own autobiography, rearranging its chronology, revising experiences and itineraries, even doctoring the substance and the quoted conversations of his interviews with great and small—interviews already long in print.

We are invited, for example, to believe varying explanations for van Paassen's retreat from a Methodist mission or for his enlistment in the Canadian Army. His first scoop for a Toronto

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Genesis of a Power Elite

The Death of Artemio Cruz, *by Carlos Fuentes, translated from the Spanish by Sam Hileman (Farrar, Straus. 306 pp. $4.95), personifies in its title character the betrayal of the Mexican in the name of the Revolution. Seymour Menton is editor of Hispania. He has published three books on the fiction of Latin America.*

By SEYMOUR MENTON

IN *The Death of Artemio Cruz* Carlos Fuentes, Mexico's leading "angry young man," traces in the history of his protagonist the genesis of his country's power élite. The dying man recalls the twelve key periods of his life, symbolized geographically, that mark his rise from obscurity to national prominence. In the 1890s the rejected illegitimate child of a decadent Veracruz plantation family, Cruz becomes the unscrupulous Puebla hacienda owner of the 1920s, and finally the Mexico City tycoon of the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties who deals with American businessmen, bribes public officials, and vacations in Paris and Acapulco. The vehicle for Artemio Cruz's vertiginous ascent is the Revolution, which the thirty-five-year-old Fuentes and his contemporaries no longer feel obliged to revere blindly. The pivotal chapter of the novel depicts the 1915 execution of a Yaqui Indian and Gonzalo Bernal, the honest intellectual who denounces the betrayal of the Revolution's ideals. Their cellmate is the opportunistic Artemio Cruz, who not only survives but subsequently marries Bernal's sister and restores the family fortune by exploiting the peasants more cleverly but every bit as ruthlessly as their pre-revolutionary masters.

—David Drew Zing.
Carlos Fuentes—"muralistic"

The defrauding of the Mexican people in the name of the Revolution is not a new theme for Carlos Fuentes. His first and most successful novel, *Where the Air Is Clear* (1958), presented a Dos Passos-like cross section of the four million inhabitants of Mexico City, whose greater social mobility since the Revolution has not narrowed the gap between the upper and lower classes. In *The Death of Artemio Cruz* Fuentes's technique is still muralistic but it is chronologically vertical rather than horizontal as he concentrates on only one character. Although Cruz obviously represents the ruling oligarchy, his name —meaning "Cross" in English—has religious overtones that may be interpreted in two ways. He is the cross borne by the Mexican people but he is also the tragic figure whose material success is a poor substitute for the true love that he has craved since infancy.

CRUZ becomes increasingly cynical as he realizes the impossibility of finding human warmth and understanding in his wife, daughter, and several mistresses, while the loss of the only three people whom he ever loved teaches him how unjust and irrational life can be. When his childhood mentor is transferred from the plantation, the fourteen-year-old Artemio reacts violently and shoots the wrong man. In 1913, when federal troops kill Regina, his first and only real love, he forgets all fears and rides madly through the enemy camp. Twenty-six years later, when his alter-ego son, Lorenzo, dies heroically in the Spanish Civil War, the last idealistic spark is abruptly extinguished.

Although Artemio Cruz is certainly a more complex protagonist than the villains of the social protest novels of the Thirties, Fuentes does not completely succeed in making him come to life. Cruz is stylistically dissected by the nonconsecutive flashbacks, narrated in the third person, and the prolix expression of his dying thoughts, narrated in the first and second persons.

A strong indictment of the Mexican ruling class, *The Death of Artemio Cruz* is not the consummate novel that Carlos Fuentes still shows promise of creating. Nevertheless, it may well be his best effort to date. Sam Hileman's translation is skilfully done and captures the spirit of the original, no mean task in view of the author's exuberant style and abundant use of Mexican slang.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MORE CAREER WOMEN REMINISCE

American women who have pursued a variety of callings have frequently set down accounts of their careers. A group of these, assembled by Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, appeared in SR for February 29th. Here, from the same hand, is another such group. You are asked to assign the right authors to the right autobiographies. Identifications are made on page 50.

1. Grace Moore	( )	"Forty Plus and Fancy Free"
2. Irene Castle	( )	"News is a Singular Thing"
3. Fannie Hurst	( )	"You're Only Human Once"
4. Mary Pickford	( )	"The Lady Bullfighter"
5. Hortense Odlum	( )	"The Fabric of Memory"
6. Eleanor Belmont	( )	"Sunshine and Shadow"
7. Bettina Ballard	( )	"Many a Good Crusade"
8. Malvina Hoffman	( )	"Castles in the Air"
9. Emily Kimbrough	( )	"Story of a Pioneer"
10. Anna Howard Shaw	( )	"Portrait of Myself"
11. Ivy Baker Priest	( )	"Heads and Tales"
12. Rosalie S. Morton	( )	"Green Grows Ivy"
13. Marguerite Higgins	( )	"A Woman's Place"
14. Patricia McCormick	( )	"A Woman Surgeon"
15. Margaret Bourke-White	( )	"In My Fashion"
16. Virginia C. Gildersleeve	( )	"Anatomy of Me"

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Of Dreams and Reality

The Mortal Wound, *By Raffaele La Capria, translated from the Italian by Marguerite Waldman (Farrar, Straus. 191 pp. $4.75), winner of the Strega prize, evokes a dreamlike Naples whose young men long to escape to the "real world." Dorrie Pagones studied comparative literature in Europe under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

IF THE characters in movies like Fellini's *8½* assembled at a literary cocktail party, they would talk about books like Raffaele La Capria's *The Mortal Wound.* This intriguing, murky, elegant little novel, winner of Italy's Strega prize, evokes a Naples as insubstantial and dreamlike as Prospero's island—but a modern island, on which Miranda suns herself in a bikini and Ferdinand rides a Vespa.

The action, which is principally mental, takes place mainly between the morning and late afternoon of one summer day in 1954, the day young Massimo De Luca is to leave Naples and with it all the languidly seductive atmosphere of his salad days, to seek a new, more vigorous life in Rome. The short last part of the novel tells briefly how he returns to Naples, some years later, and learns through various confrontations something of what has happened to the city and to his old comrades in his absence.

—*Jerry Bauer*

Raffaele La Capria—"provocative."

Throughout, the dreaming and waking worlds are mingled. The Neapolitan sun beats down and the water glistens. A fish passes slowly through the dark water; seaweed turns to shadows; the glimmering light reveals rocks, which merge into chairs and tables, until the submarine world becomes the bed on which Massimo is beginning to awake.

Massimo's friend Gaetano, who escapes before him into the "real world," imagines Naples to be a virgin forest in which the individual's struggle to assert himself is simply a waste of time—"You can't hold out all alone against a Forest. . . ." "We live in a city that mortally wounds you or lulls you to sleep," thinks Massimo. "At bottom, Gaetano was right. 'What's still holding you back?' He would have laughed if I'd answered him, 'To find again a single one of those days.'"

But if Massimo and Gaetano get away, there are always plenty to replace them. Chief among the stayers are Sasà, a moneyless charmer, and his faithful imitator, Massimo's younger brother, Nini. To such as these, only one thing matters: to be an exception. Nini meditates:

> Massimo, for example, has read an endless number of books, and as for Gaetano, ugh . . . And yet Massimo is not an exception. Because to be an exception neither looks, education, elegance nor even money are, as it happens, of any use.

As the story of a city and of a young man's coming of age, *The Mortal Wound* is, for all its slight appearance, a distinctly provocative book.

Avocado with Venom: Elaine Dundy's first novel, *The Dud Avocado,* is the pointless, improbable story of Sally Jay Gorce, an innocently amoral young American girl on the loose among the Bohemians of the Left Bank. It is intensely feminine, harmlessly sexy, and mildly amusing. It sold 16,000 copies.

So now, in *The Old Man and Me* (Dutton, $4.50), Miss Dundy has given her large and eager public an identical heroine in a yarn about the Bohemians of Soho. One of the great things about being a critic is observing an artist's development.

A few improvements have been made since the last edition . . . um, I mean book. The characterization is a bit more substantial; a little less dramatic strain is placed on the "oh-look-at-this-exotic-setting" gambit, and there is a plot, no matter how silly, in place of the jolly game of musical beds, which was the narrative center of *Avocado.*

Betsy Lou Saegessor has come to Merrie England to get an inheritance, which she feels to be rightfully hers, from a middle-aged reprobate named C. D. McKee. If I followed the relationship correctly, he is the second husband of Betsy Lou's late father's deceased second wife. Okay, got that? Betsy Lou's main tactic is to have an affair with her "step-step-father"; but she also makes a few off-hand attempts to murder him—which render her repeated declarations of love somewhat less than entirely convincing. She gets her money eventually, but by that time the reader is apt to have lost any interest in her fate.

Miss Dundy's minor figures are all standard types so, while she has a sharp but superficial wit, many situations that might have been genuinely funny if the personalities involved had come to life seem merely clever in such

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1085

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1085 will be found in the next issue.

PLAB HCFTKDQ KAORFKQX, MRZ

ACAQ QDQF HCFTLDQ

WCAZQPNZ.

LACABPCRX

Answer to Literary Crpyt No. 1084

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

—CARLYLE.

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a flat context. Although it contains a few small flashes of real humor, *The Old Man and Me* is basically a thin, insignificant piece which even admirers of Elaine Dundy's past work will read with the feeling of a television fan who has blundered into a tenth rerun of *I Love Lucy*. —W. S. TRACY.

From Hooch to Hearse: In the foreword to one of his books prize-winning author Conrad Richter writes of his efforts to convey an authentic sensation of life in early America. His new novel, *The Grandfathers* (Knopf, $3.95), is not about early America, but is characteristic of Richter in that it has the feel of backwoods regionalism that marks most of his previous publications.

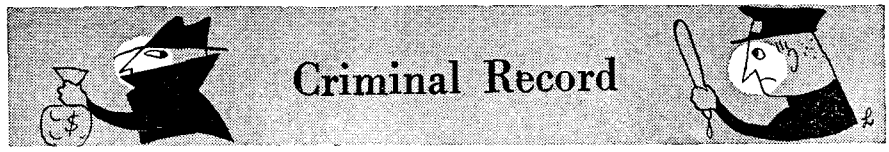
The Murdoch clan lives in the hills and valleys of western Maryland, away from the mainstream of modern life, where the blacksmith is more familiar than the garage man and modern plumbing is only heard of.

The Murdochs bear a somewhat uncomfortable resemblance to the stereotype hillbillies we have come to know through various media, not all of them literary—wild Grandpap; Granmam, the only one who can handle him; Uncle Nun; Aunt Dib; the twins, and all the others. In lesser hands some of these characters would have wound up in vaudeville or, more likely today, on television. The comic scenes veer dangerously close to farce, as when Grandpap has his one remaining tooth pulled by the blacksmith, or when Nicodemus, the bootlegger of "mule," courts Chariter in the Squire's kitchen.

Chariter, whose story this really is, comes off best. Knowing she was not "born lawful," she senses a difference in herself and hankers to know who was her pap and her other grandpap. She eventually learns the answer, and in doing so finds a new warmth in being one of the Murdochs. In a hilarious wedding she marries the young undertaker, who drives his bride off in the new hearse.

As usual, the author writes his story in the simple, colloquial, and idiomatic tone that attracts and beguiles the reader. Not only is there broad comedy here, but there is poignancy too, the poignancy of place and innocence.

—WILLIAM S. LYNCH.



Crime Lab: Science Turns Detective. *By David Loth. Messner.* $4.95. Here you learn how microscope and test tube fence the felon in. Sound, intelligent, heads-up job, with fine case histories (Sheppard, for instance). Item: More sons kill mothers than sons-in-law kill mothers-in-law.

Magnificent Masquerade: The Strange Case of Dr. Coster and Mr. Musica. *By Charles Keats. Funk & Wagnalls.* $4.95. Full history of a gigantic U.S. swindle of the 1930s is here well and excitingly told by reporter who covered case. A quarter of a century later the thing seems incredible; but it really happened.

Outlaws on Horseback. *By Harry Sinclair Drago. Dodd, Mead.* $5. This straightforward account of the bang-bang goings-on of the bank and train robbers of the prairie school (1866-1915) has pleasant autobiographical overtones, goes in for some nice debunking, and makes vivid reading.

The Raymond Chandler Omnibus. *Foreword by Lawrence Clark Powell. Knopf.* $5.95. Included in this magnificent First Folio Chandler are *The Big Sleep* (1939), *Farewell My Lovely* (1940), *The High Window* (1942), *The Lady in the Lake* (1943). Read (or reread) it.

Policeman's Dread. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $3.95. Handsome West, Yard ace, grapples with morale problem when poison penman charges that many cops have their hands out (why use brand name in describing a typewriter as "out of alignment"?). Builds up to a noisy finale.

Up for Grabs. *By A. A. Fair (equals Erle Stanley Gardner). Morrow.* $3.50. Donald Lam, L.A. eye, flies to Tucson and Dallas to solve lively case involving whiplash injury and hospital walkouts; partner Bertha Cool is pretty well subdued in this number.

Nerve. *By Dick Francis. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Jockeys, trainers, owners, and the gee-gees themselves mingle in this rip-roaring, inside-stuff yarn with a magnificent English steeplechase background. There's dirty work, of course.

Quest of the Bogeyman. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.50. Twenty-year-old adoptee tizzies when her *soi-disant* real father turns up; attempt to put bite brings New York cops in. Tried and true.

And on the Eighth Day. *By Ellery Queen. Random House.* $3.95. Publishers here are "deliberately by-passing custom and telling nothing at all about the plot or nature" of authors' 28th novel, and we will play along by saying only that this is probably their most unusual production (and they've never been very usual).

The Yellow Villa. *By Suzanne Blanc. Crime Club.* $3.50. Murder of Mexican movie star (f.) at Mazatlán jolts *turistas*, puts comely Norte Americana in jeopardy; nice Inspector Menendes takes over. Pleasant travelogue.

Frame-Up. *By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row.* $3.50. English Sunday painter's violent demise points to two prospects for the big rap; good cops sort it out. Praise Allah, a *detective* story (and a honey)!

The Murdering Kind. *By Gwendoline Butler. Roy.* $2.95. English seaside dwellers jolted when murder strikes; crime has ancient roots. Tenuous but sprightly.

The Gentlemen Reform. *By John Boland. Macmillan.* $3.95. Eight ex-British Army officers, sentenced for huge bank robbery, plan prison break; colonel is ringleader—do they get away with it? Pleasantly preposterous.

A Trio for Blunt Instruments. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $3.50. Nero Wolfe, outsize eye, takes on three separate NYC homicides and (with help from Archie Goodwin) brings home the bacon. Exemplifies nicely the author's usual firm handling of the novella medium.

The Hospitality of the House. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $3.50. Vacationing New England gal, visiting upstate New York folks, gets into Grade-A predicament. This is one jane-in-a-jam job we went for in a big way.

Deadly Image. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $3.95. Jack Casey, ace press photog in Bostonish city, crosses flash-bulbs with Lt. Logan of local law when two deaths by violence erupt. Usual sure handling.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Poetry of Gide, Joyce and Mann

Three Philosophical Novelists, *by Joseph G. Brennan (Macmillan. 224 pp. $6.50), asks whether, of the trio dissected, two—James Joyce and André Gide—were in reality novelists. Besides the "Henry James," for which he is most famous, Leon Edel is the author of "The Modern Psychological Novel," "James Joyce: The Last Journey," and "Literary Biography."*

By LEON EDEL

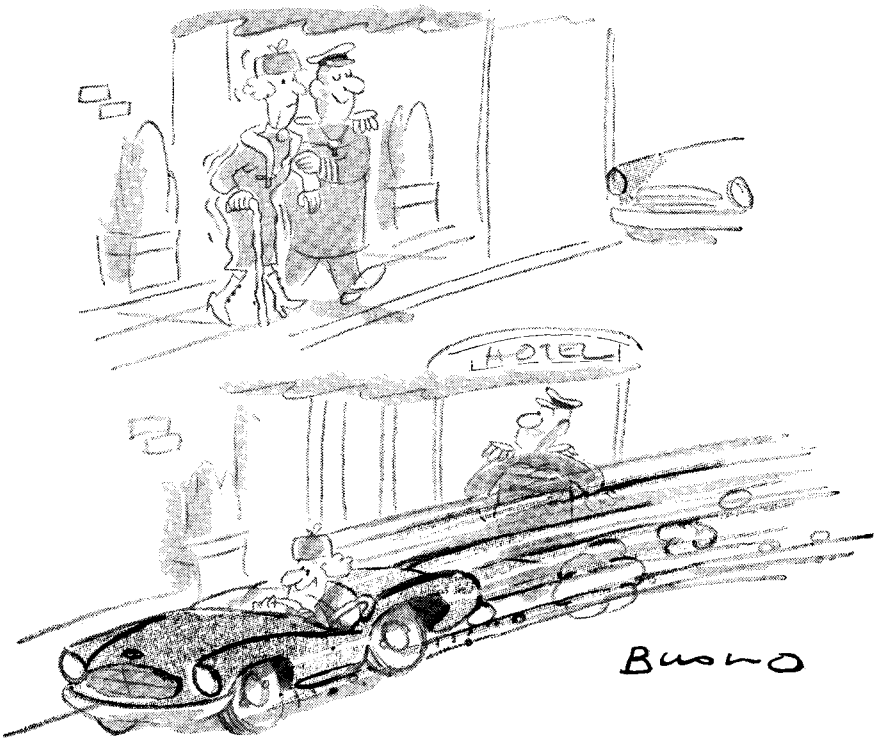
JOSEPH G. BRENNAN, who is a philosopher, has invaded the precincts of the literary critics, and by his trespass has produced one of the more readable and useful studies of the season. The reader must not, however, be distracted by the title. This derives from his wish to do for the novel what George Santayana did for poetry in *Three Philosophical Poets.* The poets were Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe; and Mr. Brennan draws a rough parallel between Lucretius and Gide as Epicureans, Dante and Joyce as dialecticians, and Goethe and Mann as metaphysicians.

This is a very pretty design, appealing to one's sense of neatness and order. But the truth is that if Joyce knew his Aquinas, Vico, and Dante, he had little philosophy in him. On his side, Gide was too much in love with his own image to be able to remove himself into the more empyreal heights: one does not envision Narcissus as a "thinker." This leaves Brennan with one truly philosophical novelist of his three: Thomas Mann, and his essay on him is the best in the book. However, he succeeds in making all of his "philosophical" novelists interesting, and thereby justifies his enterprise. He reads his texts with a freshness and an alertness that he communicates to us, even when he is on old and much-trodden ground, and he traces ideas back to their roots with a cheerful historical authority and finality. In this respect there is a distinct affinity between him and his Harvard contemporary on the literary side of the fence, Harry Levin.

It is curious, however, that Mr. Brennan, having so many current philosophical novelists to choose from, should have gone back to these earlier writers. Kafka, Sartre, Camus, and Beckett—and even those late descendants of Dujardin and Joyce, Butor, Robbe-Grillet, and Sarraute—can be said to have their metaphysical side. However, Brennan himself has recognized this, and he hints that a sequel is on the way. Moreover, confessing to the anomalies of his book, he says, "It will be clear that what drew me to the writing of these essays was not the philosophy of the novels concerned, but their poetry."

One could push the discussion of these anomalies further. It might be asked (and Brennan does in the case of Gide) whether two of his men are actually novelists. Gide wrote an anti-novel, *The Counterfeiters,* long before the current vogue for this kind of "fiction." It was actually a mockery of fictional illusion, and it was really his only "novel." The question might be raised about Joyce as well. Brennan considers that "to Joyce the novel is the end to which everything else is a means." This is doubtful. Joyce was first and foremost a verbal artificer. Like Flaubert, the only beauty he really seemed to recognize was verbal beauty. He described, but he could not imagine. His art is mimetic; he belongs with the word-fanciers, the satirists, with Rabelais and Swift rather than with Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Thackeray, or James. He constructed tremendous word-labyrinths, but save for the inspired *Portrait of the Artist* and his shorter things, he was too removed from human beings to people a world, as true novelists do.

These are doubtless heresies to the confirmed exegetes of literary criticism, but they flow from Brennan's cogent and suggestive thinking. I do not know whether his trespass (like the much-discussed poaching of A. L. Rowse on Shakespearean terrain) indicates a trend. His book, however, suggests that interdisciplinary poaching should be encouraged.



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The Gossip of Letters

Waiting for the End: The Crisis in America Culture, Race and Sex, *by Leslie A. Fiedler (Stein & Day. 256 pp. $5.95), reveals more brickbats in the author's arsenal of iconoclasm. Emile Capouya frequently comments on the issues of our time.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

"IF YOU pay no attention, they generally go away." No, they don't. That rule for dealing with underbred persons works only when most men have a decent level of spiritual cultivation, when most educated men, confronted by a boor, follow Dante's advice to look and pass on. But American literary society is so unsure of its own standards that it doesn't know when those standards have been outraged. Indeed, it is inclined to rebel against what standards it has, so that it is secretly pleased by an exhibition of bad manners, even if bad manners mean at last the death of literature. Suppose that literary society had had enough self-respect to give the silent treatment to Leslie Fiedler's bad manners when he first began to exhibit them. Might he not then have found some motive for schooling himself in the self-respect that is respectful of others? And, since Mr. Fiedler is ingenious and imaginative as well as boorish and brutal, would we not have been the gainers?

But literary society attended to Mr. Fiedler, loading him with reproaches and honors. Now he is a presence in the land. To censure a man is a morally debilitating business; we lose some of our vital force as we shake our finger at him. Yet it has become a necessity to dissent from Mr. Fiedler's views, for he has readers, and they are our friends and countrymen.

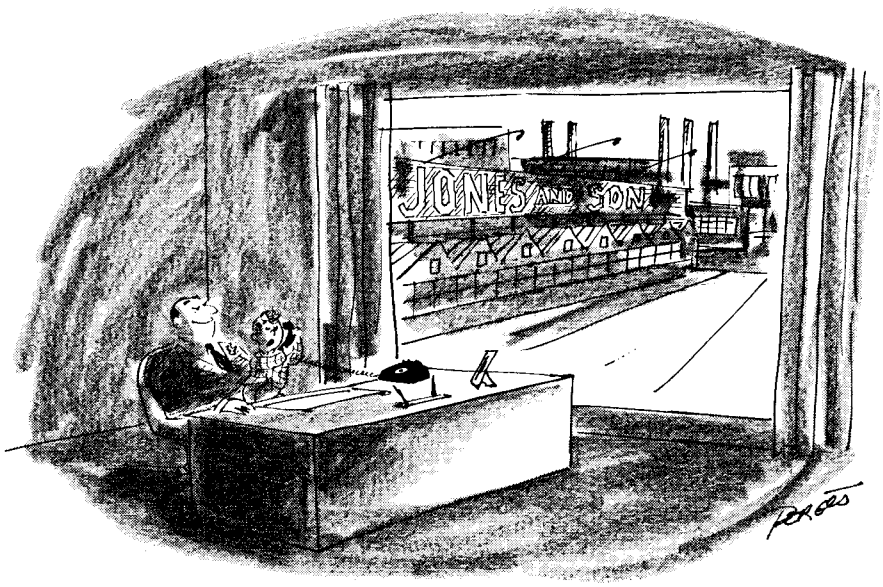
Mr. Fiedler has a way of publishing an unpleasantness in a tone that says, "Don't look at me. I'm telling you how things are. If you don't like it, your quarrel is with the world." Mr. Fiedler anticipates history. He does not, in fact, tell us how things are, but if we adopt his attitude, things will surely begin to resemble his definitions of them. They will begin to reflect his murderous insensitivity.

When Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were under sentence of death, Mr. Fiedler wrote an essay in which he questioned himself on the propriety of killing them, and, after due deliberation, gave himself permission to proceed. That is ancient history. It would be heinous to bring it up against him gratuitously at this late date—the man of letters clamoring for blood, the man of letters who could not decipher the writing on the wall, had not learned the lesson of our bloody century. He brings it up himself in *Waiting for the End*, for he is a recidivist. He hears, in his imagination, angry crowds of foreigners shouting, "You killed our Julius and Ethel Rosenberg!" "Your Rosenbergs?" he wants to yell back, "*your* Rosenbergs?" as once he had wanted to holler "*Your* Christ?" *Ecce Homo.* The Rosenbergs are his, and he can prove it, for he disposed of their lives years ago. And he will defend his title against the world.

For the rest, Mr. Fiedler reduces literary criticism to the gossip of letters. Didn't his mother teach him not to make personal remarks? Apparently not. His literary criticism is the *ad hominem* thrust amplified into a method. His very praise is a kind of intimate abuse. It is the infirmity of the age that we love to rummage in the lives of better men than ourselves, search out their presumed secret motives, and give over the book of their heart to the common hangman to be burned. Mr. Fiedler willingly plays Jack Ketch for us, and though we won't associate with the fellow, we pay his wages, for in that way we can be revenged upon our betters by proxy.

The worst of it is that Mr. Fiedler is no fool—if we except the monumental folly of cheapening life by persistently undervaluing it. Thersites knows a thing or two, and could he be taught to tell it decently and in due season we might all profit. But his tongue turns naturally to what he thinks is scabrous and scandalous. He quotes from Thoreau: "Friendship . . . has not much human blood in it, but consists with a certain disregard for men and their erections, the Christian duties and the humanities . . . We may call it an essentially heathenish intercourse, free and irresponsible. . . ." And remarks: "We can take it, I think, that Thoreau knows just what he is saying and does not merely by accident suggest the possibility of 'intercourse' without 'erections.' The sexual language of this anti-sexual idyll is deliberate." Now that is disingenuous. For a professor of English who is not a fool, such an interpretation borders on knavery. Or is Mr. Fiedler so bemused by the popular success of the affairs he organized between Ishmael and Queequeg, Jim and Huck Finn, that he means to extend the principle to the history of ideas? One thing must be said for him, he doesn't laugh at his own jokes.

What's it all in aid of? Does Mr. Fiedler have some vision to communicate that will redeem all his tireless bullying of literature? I cannot discern one. In this book, dealing with the period since the Second World War, he discusses some twenty novelists. There is a random scatter of true judgments to be found in the mass of ludicrous or nasty or cheap ones. Until he gives us truth in a higher concentration, he will have little more than nuisance value for the republic of letters. He is what is known in spy circles as a confusion-agent. And things are confused enough.



"Speaking!"

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

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GAUGUIN. By Henri Perruchot. World. $6.95.

KANDINSKY. Text by Jacques Lassaigne. World. $6.75.

Crime, Suspense

FALLING STAR. By Patricia Moyes. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE BURDEN AND THE GLORY. By John F. Kennedy. Edited by Allan Nevins. Harper & Row. $4.50.

THE GREAT DESIGN. By Cornelia Meigs. Little, Brown. $6.

A STRATEGY OF INTERDEPENDENCE. By Vincent P. Rock. Scribners. $7.50.

Essays

THE CART AND THE HORSE. By Louis Kronenberger. Knopf. $4.95.

Fiction

BEER IN THE SNOOKER CLUB. By Waguih Ghali. Knopf. $4.95.

THE GROOKED CROSS. By Brendan Kennelly. Little, Brown. $3.95.

THE CRUMBLING FORTRESS. By Willi Heinrich. Dial. $5.95.

THE LAND OF YOUTH. By Richard Power. Dial. $4.95.

THE LIFE OF RILEY. By Anthony Cronin. Knopf. $4.95.

MANOR HOUSE. By Johannes Meintjes. Delacorte. $4.50.

THE NAKED MARTINI. By John Leonard. Delacorte. $3.95.

NINA UPSTAIRS. By Beverly Gasner. Knopf. $3.95.

NO ONE OF THAT NAME. By William Merrick. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

NOW IS THE TIME. By Leo Katcher. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE PILGRIM PROJECT. By Hank Searls. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE PRESIDENT. By R. V. Cassill. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

REPORT ON BRUNO. By Joseph Breitbach. Knopf. $5.95.

THE STRANGERS ON MY ROOF. By E. Arnot Robertson. Macmillan. $4.95.

TO THE HANGING GARDENS. By Leo E. Litwak. World. $5.95.

History

THE GREAT GATES. By Marshall Sprague. Little, Brown. $7.50.

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORY. By Page Smith. Knopf. $4.95.

A HISTORY OF THE LEVANT COMPANY. By A. C. Wood. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

HOW THEY LIVED 55 B.C.-1485. By W. O. Hassall. Barnes & Noble. $6.

LIBERTIES AND COMMUNITIES IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. By Helen M. Cam. Barnes & Noble. $5.

PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER: A History of Nominating Conventions, 1868-1960. By Herbert Eaton. Free Press. $7.95.

STUDIES IN GREEK AND ROMAN HISTORY. By E. Badian. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

THE TWELVE DAYS. By George M. Thomson. Putnam. $5.

Literary Criticisms

THE COMIC TALES OF CHAUCER. By T. W. Craik. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

HIDDEN RICHES: Traditional Symbolism from the Renaissance to Blake. By Desirée Hirst. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

Miscellany

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH ABOUT MARRIAGE. By Lois Wyse. Macmillan. Hardbound, $1.95. Paperback, $1.

COOKING WITHOUT A GRAIN OF SALT. By Elma W. Bagg. Doubleday. $4.95.

EACH AND EVERY CHILD. Edited by UNICEF. World. $1.

EARL WILSON'S NEW YORK. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

EXOTIC COOKERY. By Lilla van Saher. World. $5.95.

THE GIANTS AND THE DODGERS. By Lee Allen. Putnam. $4.95.

MOOSE MOUSSE AND OTHER EXOTIC RECIPES. By R. Gilbert and N. Langer. Simon & Schuster. $3.

YOUR GUIDE TO THE WEATHER. By George L. Cantzlaar. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.50.

Personal History

DISCOVERY. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. McGraw-Hill. $6.50.

JOHN OF GAUNT. By S. Armitage-Smith. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

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MEMOIRS OF LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL: A Study in Friendship, 1873-1914. Edited by Robert Gathrone-Hardy. Knopf. $6.95.

MY PEOPLE IS THE ENEMY: An Autobiographical Polemic. By William Stringfellow. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

ROOTS IN THE ROCK. By Charles Child. Little, Brown. $6.75.

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SELECTED POEMS. By Derek Walcott. Farrar, Straus. $4.

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CHRISTIANITY: Some Non-Christian Appraisals. Edited by David McKain. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

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THE OPEN CHURCH: Vatican II, Act II. By Michael Novak. Macmillan. $6.50.

PROTESTANT CONCEPTS OF CHURCH AND STATE: Historical Backgrounds and Approaches for the Future. By Thomas G. Sanders. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.50.

Shakespeare

THE ART OF SHAKESPEARE. By John Arthos. Barnes & Noble. $6.

THE GREAT SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. By Christian Deelman. Viking. $5.95.

Sociology

REBELS IN THE STREETS: The Story of New York's Girl Gangs. By Kitty Hanson. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

"I'll drop your name if you drop my name."

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Van Paassen

Continued from page 43

newspaper is reported two different ways, as are his adventures, years later, in the Spanish Civil War. He has an interview with Clemenceau in different years and on different subjects, though patches of dialogue remain the same. A colloquy with Mussolini grows breezier and fruitier as time advances between books. And so on.

Has it somehow slipped van Paassen's mind, at age seventy, that he himself once wrote *Days of Our Years*? He must still have access to at least one of its numerous printings, because here and there identical pieces of text from the old volume pop up in the new. Did he think all other copies—and all knowledge of them—had disappeared? And what could his editor have been doing or thinking?

The conclusion is inescapable that either then or now (or possibly on both occasions?) invention took over from fact. This is delightful in art, but not in history. Toward the close of his current "memoir" the author makes a sensational disclosure demonstrating Soviet virtue and West German villainy. (He regards Bonn, not Moscow or Peiping, as the earth's chief nuisance.) Even in the absence of doubt, one would expect such revelations to be supported by some scrap of documentary evidence. Under the circumstances, however, one is inclined to let new claims and allegations float away in a cloud of salt.

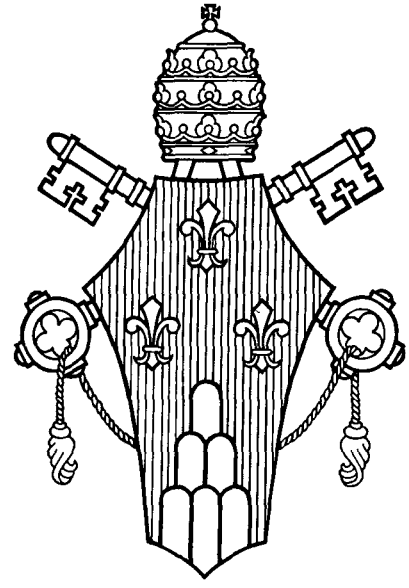
The Vicar in Rome

Apostle for Our Time: Pope Paul VI, *by John G. Clancy (Kenedy. 238 pp. $4.95), and* ***Shepherd of Mankind: A Biography of Pope Paul VI,*** *by William E. Barrett (Doubleday. 288 pp. $5.95), portray the Pontiff as seen by the Church and a layman. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., was formerly Time-Life bureau chief in Rome.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

BOTH of these pretentiously titled books are written by Roman Catholics. Both, therefore, accept many things about the Catholic Church that non-Catholics would either deny or at least critically examine. Thus neither of them can meet the need that I have mentioned before in these columns [*SR*, Dec. 21, 1963]: more non-Catholic writing about the Catholic Church, now that it appears once again in the ascendant.

There, however, the resemblance between the two books ends. Monsignor Clancy's *Apostle for Our Time* is clearly the inferior work. It gives us, sadly enough, only officially communiquéd truth. Monsignor Clancy provides no objective account of Paul's life as priest or cardinal, no clear exposition of the checks and balances of Vatican politics, no scholarly analysis of Paul's character—nothing, indeed, save a paean of phrase and praise for Pope Paul, whom we are asked to accept as a great Pope, somewhat before his time. In keeping with the simplicity of the thought patterns that lie behind this book, Monsignor Clancy has organized his biography in an artlessly linear fashion, without richness or originality. About the only flourishes in the book are adjectival, and most of these cancel each other out: Paul is gentle but firm, dignified but informal, flashing-eyed but warmly human, etc. The good Father Clancy dwells rather more on the color of the Pope's eyes than he does on the political realities of the times. *Nihil obstat.*



—From the "Shepherd of Mankind." Papal coat of arms.

Those are not mistakes that William E. Barrett makes; his *Shepherd of Mankind* is a much more analytical work. Beginning with the *Risorgimento* Barrett describes in clear, direct prose the role played in that era by Montini's father, and gives a perceptive account of how the opinions of the father visited themselves upon the son.

Discussing Pius XII, Barrett says frankly that "he found it difficult to delegate authority and he spent much of his own energy on tasks that should not have engaged a minute of his time," such as the examination of galley proofs of the *Osservatore Romano* whenever an announcement of his own was to appear there. And Barrett does not hesitate to include such judgments as this: "As he grew older [Pius] seemed content with lesser accomplishments, to be praised for versatility. He liked to surprise a visitor from a diamond-cutting area with a discussion on diamond-cutting . . . it delighted him to discover in a Holy Year audience two men who were circus clowns, but he was chagrined that he hed prepared no material on circuses."

In his discussion of Montini, Barrett again shows that he has taken the pains to dredge up material that wasn't handed out in the dingy offices of the *Osservatore Romano.* Whereas Monsignor Clancy would have us believe that Montini left Rome to become Archbishop of Milan after a sentimental scene with Pius XII, during which Montini's only concern was "Father, do you think I am capable of this charge?," Barrett presents a very different picture. He explains how the then Cardinal Tardini, jealous of his younger and more brilliant colleague, might have forestalled Montini's appointment as Cardinal by refusing the red hat himself—a maneuver which, as Barrett says, cannot be authenticated, but which makes a good deal more sense than Clancy's varnished, *Osservatore Romanized* account. Indeed, in his description of Montini's departure from Rome Barrett has hit one of the high points of recent Papal reporting; he has also performed a service by noting Montini's errors in his attitude toward the French worker priests, and his blunder when he shot off a telegram in Milan to Franco about the treatment of some Italian students in Spain before he ascertained what the true facts were.

Both books are well illustrated—Clancy's with an interesting collection of photographs of Montini's early years, Barrett's with forty-eight black and white half-tones on sixteen pages. Barrett's is by far the more engaging book, and it makes a worthy sequel to the author's two successful novels, *Left Hand of God* and *Lilies of the Field.* Indeed, it would appear that biography may be his forte.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 13, 1, 14, 6, 4, 16, 2, 10, 15, 8, 11, 5, 12, 7, 3.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 36

passacaglia, Chavez has reared a cathedral of sonority to his faith, which, clearly, is music. There are scant suggestions in it of the folkloristic elements with which he worked at a prior time, though they may, merely, be more completely assimilated into his idiom than before. The work was performed with pulsating life and definition under Bernstein's graphic direction, and the composer shared with the performers the applause the work aroused. The previous playing of Mozart's *Linz* Symphony was neither so pulsating nor well-defined. The final portion of the program was devoted to Chausson's B-flat Symphony, capably directed by Zdenek Kosler, one of Bernstein's assistant conductors. —Irving Kolodin.

Resnik—More Janacek

UNLIKE many a mezzo, Regina Resnik does not confuse Azucena in *Trovatore* with the Witch in *Hansel and Gretel.* Singing the role, belatedly, for the first time at the Metropolitan (and reportedly without a stage rehearsal), she offered a compelling portrait of the old gypsy—more pathetic dreamer than the customary madwoman. Her restrained, subtly colored vocalism will no doubt gain in security as she sings the role more often.

The American premiere of Leos Janacek's *The Cunning Little Vixen* took place on May 7, less than a week after the first local performance of his *Katya Kabanova.* As anyone familiar with the Supraphon recording knows, the *Vixen* is a delightfully deceptive fairy-tale opera: its subject matter is closer to serious philosophy than make-believe, its score as complex as anything Janacek wrote.

If the opera is to make its points, it must be staged with conviction; *kitsch* —picture-postcard cuteness—must be avoided. Also, a sensitive conductor and resourceful singers are basic prerequisites. Unfortunately, the Opera Workshop of the Mannes College of Music failed to meet its challenge. Conductor Carl Bamberger, who inexplicably cut some of the score's most crucial passages, led the rough student orchestra with a rigid, seemingly uninspired hand. And both the staging (by Carolyn Lockwood) and the choreography (by Myrna Aaron) were of the candy-box variety.

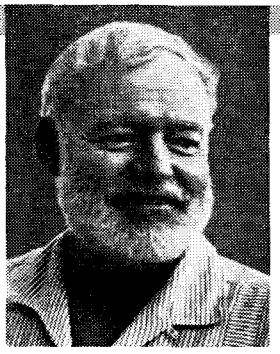
It was no coincidence that the strongest cast members (Nancy Killmer, John Fiorito, and Jerold Siena) turned out to be not students but professionals, previously employed by such companies as the NBC Opera, the Santa Fe Opera, and the Metropolitan Opera Studio. One wonders if it would not be more ethical, under the circumstances, to admit in the program that the production is only partially a student project. Some other questions come to mind too: Do the "guest stars" get paid for their efforts? And is so ambitious a premiere really worthwhile if the personnel to do it justice is not available?

—Martin Bernheimer.

Students

By Edward Kessler

STUDENTS on the first warm day,
sprout from the limed grass,
swarm outside the library doors,
as if the hive were suddenly
contaminated. They sprawl
at the foot of their founding
father, distracted by everything
but books, wide-eyed, ingenuous,
the sun unsettling their education.
Topcoat talks with shorts—
natives are still undecided
on their native costume—
and each sizes up his friend,
as if to say: funny, to be roommates
on this planet. When evening winds persuade
leftover leaves out of corners,
they wander down to the river,
lean on the iron rails above
the surf-drone of the West Side
Highway and watch the barges,
the familiar barges,
silently urged out to sea.



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Top of My Head

Continued from page 9

"That's what I mean."

"Equal opportunities, equal pay."

"Yeh—yeh—all that—that's what I'm talking about."

"What minority group do you belong to?" I asked.

"I don't belong to nothing."

"Everybody belongs. I happen to feel strongly about this matter because my sister happens to be married to a Negro."

"Yeh?" He turned around to look over what he had picked up. This was going to be one of those days.

"That's right," I said. "But he converted. He attends the synagogue every week. When was the last time you were in a synagogue?"

"On the high holidays," he said. "I go once a year."

"You know something?" I replied. "Since you both have the same faith, I think my brother-in-law is a better man than you are."

That was the *coup de pied*. First a woman who shortchanged him two cents and now a Negro-lover. He pulled over to the curb. We were a block from Penn Station.

"Get out of my cab," he said.

"Oh no," I demurred. "You have to take me where I'm going."

He pulled the flag. "Get out of the cab."

"If you don't take me, I'll call a cop."

"Call him. I don't care."

"There's one over there," I pointed. And over there, directing traffic, stood a husky Negro traffic cop.

He drove me into the station. The meter said seventy cents. I gave him two dollars.

"You can keep that," I said. "I'm sorry I gave you a hard time, but you shouldn't blame a whole race on what one member of that race does."

He felt a little expansive with the dollar-thirty tip.

"Yeh, I guess you're right," he replied. "There's good and there's bad."

"Now you're getting it," I said. "And now I'll tell you something. My sister isn't really married to a Negro."

"No?"

"No. It's worse than that. She's forty-six and not married at all."

"Well," he said as he pulled away, "it's better than being married to a —— Negro."

Lost—a dollar-thirty and one small crusade. —GOODMAN ACE.

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Editorial

Continued from page 31

fully free. They would like to stand on solid ground but there is no real feeling of solidity underfoot; a tri-national and tri-cultural heritage can be an unsettling thing in an age of nationalistic assertion.

Has this feeling resulted in any "Yankee, go home" sentiment among the population as a whole? Certainly not, as even the intellectuals themselves are quick to point out. For the most part, the Filipinos are unabashedly proud of their connection with the United States and are openly affectionate toward Americans. They were the first people in Asia to receive their freedom. They are aware of the differences between colonialism in other parts of Asia and the situation in their own country. They know of the many thousands of American lives that were spent in winning their country back from the Japanese in the Second World War. And they give the United States the fullest credit for starting them out on the road to full literacy and a high level of education.

Even debts of gratitude can be burdensome, however, and this is the condition of a segment of the intellectual community. It is possible, of course, that this condition may actually reflect the underlying and tragic paradox of Asian nationalism in the twentieth century. The long struggle for national freedom was won at just the time that absolute national sovereignty became an anachronism. The dominant theme of the twentieth century is interrelationship and common destiny—and this requires modifications in the concept of national decision.

In a sense, one of the main challenges of education in the modern world is to make known the most important lesson of our time—that national independence can be sustained only through interdependence, and that freedom is possible only under law. Not just the freedom of the individual but the freedom of a national society. True, it is unreasonable to expect peoples just emerging from colonialism to make the big jump all the way to world law. But they can at least console themselves with the knowledge that others who have known national freedom for many centuries are finding the transition just as difficult. It is this that all men today share—the emergence of a common destiny and the beginning of a perception, however misty, that something beyond the nation will have to be brought into being if the human race is to have any meaning. —N.C.

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Richard Strauss, 1864-1964
Articles by Glenn Gould,
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(Continued from page 53)

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RENT SUMMER COTTAGES in scenic mountains, high elevation, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours N.Y., congenial group. Reasonable. Call collect Ellenville 932, or write Hansburg, Walker Valley, N.Y.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—converted barn, fireplace, loft. Beach rights, secluded. Box G-557.

CARMEL, N.Y. 58 miles NYC. Small 2 bedroom cottage. Ideal for couple. Screened porch. Swimming. May-October, $600. Monday-Thursday: 212-LE 2-1476. Saturday: 914-CA 5-2315.

MAINE LAKE—SURRY. 5 acres, privacy, modern, 4 bedrooms. Boat, outboard, canoe. $150 week. Box G-798.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N.H. June-August 15th or weekly rental. 4 bedroom, heated waterfront house. Schachter, 173 Riverside Drive, NYC. SUsquehanna 7-6849.

KEZAR LAKE, MAINE. 80 acres, 2,000 ft. waterfront. Year round lodge with 5 bedrooms. 2 housekeeping cottages. Well-equipped. Tennis court. $1,800 season. Box G-795.

(Continued on page 56)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

(Continued from page 55)

THOMPSON LAKE, MAINE. Semirural. Family room 50′ x 20′, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, electric kitchen. One hour Portland Airport. Snapshots. References. Box H-154.

COLORADO—NEAR ESTES PARK. Completely furnished cabin, 4 bedrooms, 8 beds, 1½ baths, screened porch, fireplace, private water supply, electricity, telephone. Altitude 9,000′, 200 acres scenery. Half mile from highway, private road. Horses, guides, hotels nearby. June 15th-August 15th. $700 per month. Box H-234.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Privacy, modern, fully equipped for 4, 30 mile view. $1,200 season. 203-TO 9-7892.

OAKLAND, MAINE. 3 bedroom, all electric home, hidden in woods near lakes. Box H-246.

"KING'S X"! — Mountain sanctuary in folk music country, North Carolina. Fully furnished. Electricity, telephone. Good library. Owner summering in hospital. Nominal rent for care of place, payment of facilities. Box H-233.

STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT. Historic seaport town at entrance Long Island Sound. Residential homes for summer rental $800-$2,000. The Robert S. Jones Agency.

FOR RENT for the month of July—Lake Champlain, Shelburne, Vermont. Summer cottage with 5 bedrooms and all utilities and conveniences on lake shore. Robert P. Billings, 155 North Main Street, Wallingford, Connecticut. Telephone number COlony 9-5687.

DISTINCTIVE SPACIOUS SUMMER HOME for relaxed vacation. Newly redecorated. Ideal large family. Wooded private club, all conveniences, clubhouse. golf, tennis, lake, swimming, 80 miles New York City. Option buy. Box H-226.

THOUSAND ISLANDS—Island, cottage, boats. Sleeps 6. $200 monthly. Box H-219.

POCONOS—De luxe housekeeping cottages, on stream. Private estate. Secluded. Fireplaces. For discriminating guests. Adults. Month-season. Bondbrook, Brodheadsville, Pennsylvania.

NEAR BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT — 95 beautiful acres. 3 bedrooms. Private. Completely modern. $700 season. REgent 4-6395 NYC, Box H-256.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT. Cottage — bedroom, bath, kitchen, living room-studio, fireplace, screened porch. Peaceful view. Box H-251.

JULY—House, Martha's Vineyard, lagoon. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. $500, utilities. Box H-205.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA—3 bedrooms, pleasant country living. Box H-201.

JACKSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Furnished contemporary. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, living rooms, fireplaces, porches. Large living-dining area. Modern kitchen, dishwasher, disposal, washer-dryer. Woodland road, village 1½ miles. Monthly. June-September. Lawrence White, Topsfield Road, Ipswich, Massachusetts.

HOUSE WANTED

PHYSICIAN WISHES to rent large house or apartment accessible to Montefiore Hospital, Bronx, N.Y. Box H-235.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

WORLD'S FAIR RENTALS. Furnished apartments with private kitchen and bath. Pennington Agency, Dept. DH, 192-12 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, New York 11358.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MID-MANHATTAN. Elegant 5 rooms. June-July. No small children. $300 month. Box H-125.

SCENIC NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS near Asheville. New, completely furnished, including utilities. Artist's studio apartment, $150 per month. Details. Box 552, Burnsville, N.C.

MANHATTAN — July-August. Ideal family one or two children. Piano. Homey. MUrray Hill 5-4250, Box H-232.

WELLFLEET, CAPE COD—Apartment in village. Sleeps 5. $150 week. Box 300, Wellfleet, Massachusetts.

MANHATTAN—Riverside Drive, 90s. Large 4½, 2 bedrooms. Suitable couple with child. $275. ENdicott 2-8332, Box H-245.

NYC — WEST END AVENUE, spacious 6 rooms, 2½ baths, sublet June 15th to Labor Day. Air-conditioning, maid available, dishwasher, Steinway. References. $450 monthly. TRafalgar 7-1622 or Box H-192.

NANTUCKET. Conveniently located, cozy, housekeeping apartment. Sleeps 2. $80 weekly. Available August-September. STerling 8-7386 NYC, evenings, Box H-225.

FOR YOU, your family or firm. Air-conditioned, convenient. Elegant East 60s, NYC. $1,000. July-August. Box H-202.

NYC. June 8th-September 8th. 4½ room furnished and equipped apartment. $150 monthly. Write #3-1, 910 Riverside Drive, NYC.

APARTMENT WANTED

COLLEGE PROFESSOR, wife, teenage boy wish to rent small NYC apartment, August 12th to September 12th. Willing to care for pets or house plants. Box H-204.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MAINE. WRITE TO MAINE'S "Mr. Real Estate" for everything in property needs. Clyde I. Barrows, Franklin Realty Co., Farmington, Maine. 778-2852.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20 an acre and up. For brochure write Box G-28.

PENOBSCOT BAY hilltop hideaway; cathedral ceiling, step down crawl space. Brochure available. C. R. de Rochemont, Realtor, Rockland, Maine.

TWO BEACHES, 60 acres, 99 year lease, British Virgin Islands. Box 3019, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

NEAR LINCOLN, MAINE: House; 110 acres; 2 lakeside cottages; sand beach. Excellent condition. Box 126, Kearny, N.J.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOK, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth-728Y, Brooklyn 4, N.Y.

CAMPS

CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys, 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

T-R RANCH. Reading, Riding, Roping. Boys 9-14. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

CAMPS

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Gifted boys-girls, 14-18. Cultural history, English, drama, choral music. Hiking, swimming; carpentry, forestry, farm gardening. June 28th-August 9th. 275 acres. B. S. de Frees, North Rumford, Maine.

POCONO WOODCRAFT. Boys 7-17. 45th season. Four age groups. Lake Wallenpaupack, Pocono Mountains. Broad program develops individual self-reliance. International. Quaker leadership. Moderate inclusive fee. C. S. Paxson, Penns Park, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

HIGH/SCOPE — coed, creative intellectual challenge. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

RAMBLERNY Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

PUTNEY SCHOOL NATURAL SCIENCE CAMP—Research projects, conservation practices, camping trips. Professional staff. Boys and girls 11-16. Putney School, Putney, Vermont.

GIRLS 8-16! LIVE, WORK, PLAY in beautiful outdoors with campers of all nationalities, faiths. Horseback riding. Moderate fees. Flexible periods. Robin Hood Camp, Bear Mountain Park, above NYC. Write Director, Catalogue, YWCA, 30 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217.

ONLY CAMP-SCHOOL in Door County, Wisconsin. Individualized workshops: sciences, humanities, arts, developmental reading, study skills, public speaking; plus theatre parties, land-water recreation. Coed—ages 10 to 17; six weeks starting July 1st; fee $575. Write: Skadden's Squaw Island Camp-School, P.O. Box 251, Springfield, Illinois.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

THE MANOR HOTEL—Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year-round living. Perfect for a vacation.

VACATIONS

VERMONT — Scenic, Early American setting. Private cottages, Colonial Inn and Country Club that features 9 new holes of golf for 1964. Rates $14 to $23 daily, including meals at the Inn or "dine out" privileges. Limited number of lakeview and fairway residential properties available. Mountain Top Inn, Chittendon, Vermont. New York office: 500 Fifth Avenue, LOngacre 5-1114.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, tennis, beach, water skiing. Couples, families $90+ weekly. Season May 28th-October 15th. Long Island phone TN 8-4057.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

GOOD FOOD, GOOD COMPANY, plus Par 3 golf course, sandy beach, water skiing, square dancing, cookouts, children's activities, all on premises. $12-$15 daily. Folder. Woodbound Inn and Lake Cottages, Box 32, Jaffrey, N.H.

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VACATIONS

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 40 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 22nd. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private sandy beach—ideal for children. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $6 to $10 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Informal family vacations, meals served family style. Northwood, N.H.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food, trips and entertainment. $12-$15.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Elevation 2,900'. Small, secluded, informal—entirely modern. No cottages. Mid-May-November. American Plan $10.00-$12.50 per person double. Folder. Telephone 704-479-3433.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont. 244-8459.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

GOLF AND SURF VACATIONS, Atlantis Hotel, Kennebunk Beach 11, Maine.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

ON PICTURESQUE ARNOLD TRAIL . . . Sky Lodge and Motel. Informal, complete resort. Swimming pool, free golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Two miles north of Jackman. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

CHARMING LAKESIDE RESORT near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, cabins. Ideal swimming, boating (two connected lakes), tennis, other sports. Fine food, Hi-Fi music, relaxed atmosphere, no "organized" activities but plenty to do on our grounds and nearby. Congenial, informal, moderate. 40th season Open May 29th. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 41, Lee, Massachusetts.

ADIRONDACK CAMP—ROAD'S END—directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort. Swimming pool, beach, championship putting green. Exceptional meals. Opening 57th year June 12th. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

ON UNSPOILED ISLAND. Cottage—Apartment—Rooms—Meals. Car ferry. The Whitteds, Swan's Island, Maine.

WESTERN VACATION. Real ranch. Escape household cares and responsibilities. Riding, fishing. 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana. Telephone 406-333-4452.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

VACATIONS

MOUNTAIN VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower spring and fall rates.

WRITERS, ARTISTS—Monadnock Region informal vacation, conducive to work. Room, breakfasts, basket lunches, $55. THE CORNER STUDIO, 95 Cross Street, Keene, New Hampshire. Brochure.

HONEYMOONERS' DREAM, exceptionally beautiful mountain Tyrolean house, fireplaces, pool. Breen, Manchester, Vermont.

COMPLETE RELAXATION, good food, beautiful lake, golf near. Edgefield, Casco, Maine.

FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor on Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and summer theatre near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet: Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 26th-October 13th. Color folder.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

RENTAL—Vacation cottage. Lake Champlain. Complete privacy. Fishing, swimming, boating. Brochure: Adam's Landing Farm, Grand Isle, Vermont.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

VACATIONS

PROSPECT HOUSE and Golf Club, a traditional Vermont summer resort near Rutland. 80 scenic lakeside acres (opposite Alexander Woollcott's island) where that old green magic casts its spell. NEW motel accommodations. GOLF, water sports, dancing. Delicious cuisine. Color folder. Write: Mr. & Mrs. Charles Baker, Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 8th consecutive year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. Also pre-season rates. For 1964 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine 04543.

NATURE LOVERS, CREATIVE PEOPLE. Find peace, quiet, beautiful hill country, charming old-world home. No TV, individualized cooking. Near lovely, historic Cooperstown. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 1-607-397-6218.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

HOTLEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

NEW YORK CITY—Special Vacation package. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 19.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

BRANDON INN. Charm of yesteryear, convenience of the modern. Restful. On village green near library. 2-acre garden lawn. Elevator, sprinkler. Exceptional food. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach, E.P. Brochure 1A.

VISITING THE NORTHWEST? Venturesome collectors discover exceptional quality, appealing prices of Oregon artists. The Image Gallery, 2483 N.W. Overton Street, Portland.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal social events. $12-$22 day includes meals. Family rates. Open all year. AAA. For color folder, reservations, write Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort, Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" on an island in Maine. $75 weekly, $12 daily. For brochure write Mrs. A. Tardy, Box 774, Montrose, N.Y.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

VACATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232. Open May 29th.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 7, Maine.

COLONIAL LONG ISLAND, at Amagansett. The Ocean Dune Apartments offer luxuriously furnished, charming 2 and 4 room seaside suites with kitchenettes, daily maid service, private sun decks, swimming pool, private ocean beach, golf privileges. Rates, brochure and application: BO 9-7299 or 516-AM 7-3406.

RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

ADIRONDACKS—Clean, quiet, lovely countryside. Home cooking. Swimming, fishing. Blueberry Farm Cottages, Warrensburg, N.Y.

BLUE HILL INN—A small, quietly charming, old New England inn with motel-like accommodations centered in this unspoiled seacoast village. Excellent food and lodging. Owner management—Virginia and Conrad Rupert, Blue Hill, Maine. Telephone 207-374-2844.

WATCH ROCK LODGE, Adirondack, N.Y. On Schroon Lake. Jewish-American Cuisine, Sports. Instruction: Art, Dancing, Free Water Skiing. Sand beach. Excellent children's day camp. Family plan special. Weekly $66 and $78, child 2/3. HI 5-2557 NYC.

COLORADO! Beautiful Old World Swiss chalet. Elegant accommodations—few guests—80 private, wooded acres—good meals! Enjoy a restful vacation in a lovely wilderness area, 8,500 feet high in the Rockies. Reasonable rates. Folder. RAVENCREST CHALET, Box 1470, Estes Park, Colorado.

HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented, creative guests. Folk dancing, off-Broadway entertainment, day camp, arts and crafts. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone Kerhonkson 7373.

VACATIONS

CHANGE. If you're a bit pale, a week here will put a new complexion on things. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

IN THESE SURROUNDINGS man has the opportunity for reflection and spiritual enrichment. Aware only of the gentle stimuli of forest and sea, he may, if he so chooses, spend hours without sight or sound of another human being. He can relax as never before, slough off the mental armor that mainland life demands, recapture a oneness, a wholeness of self. The Island Inn, Box H, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland parking, garaging for all cars.

CAMP IN GREEN MOUNTAINS. Cottage, cabins, tents available. Brochure: Tall Timber, Box 461, Rutland, Vermont.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"—Unspoiled mountain country 2¼ hours from NYC. Private lake. Boating, fishing. Trout stream. Pool. Entertainment, dancing. Jewish Cuisine. Cooks Falls Lodge, Cooks Falls, N.Y. CHelsea 4-0467.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, Perry House, Bethlehem, N.H. Hotel-Motel. Entertainment, pool, dancing, free golf. Children supervised. Kosher.

VACATION WITH A PURPOSE! American Friends Service Committee Institute on nonviolent approaches to today's conflicts. Elizabethtown, in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, July 11th-18th. Programs for all ages; international resource staff. Write AFSC, Middle Atlantic Region, 1500 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

SOUTH SEAS TRAVEL—Study cruises. Three Matson luxury cruises, each featuring a different 6 week university course on the South Pacific for credit or audit: Art on June 21st, Government on August 6th, Literature on September 20th. Program sponsored by the University of Hawaii and conducted by its professors. Sailings from San Francisco: following day from Los Angeles. Ports of call are Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Noumea, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, Hawaii. Write: Matson, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, for complete information.

UNIQUE 8 WEEK Eastern Europe all expense Seminar, $1,750. Led by Professor Harry C. Steinmetz of Morehouse College. Departing New York June 30th, returning August 30th, 1964. Jet to Europe. Travel by Soviet steamer on Blue Danube from Vienna to USSR. Visit Brussels, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, Bucharest, Yalta, Odessa, Kiev, Moscow, Vilnius, Riga, Tallin, Leningrad, Helsinki, Stockholm, London. Other Seminars and tours from May through September, 1964, everywhere. Write: Harry Brown, c/o Allied Tours, 165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

EXCITING!!! EUROPE—$195. That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Venice, Salzburg or Ecole Pratique in Paris. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc. sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO: Live in native villages, learn Spanish and travel; live with group or family. Coed 14-18. Dr Alex Lazes, 47 Stephenmarc Lane, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 516--GE 7-7514.

TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1572

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Place in Greece where nightingales sing most sweetly because the Muses buried Orpheus there.

B. Specifying that critic whose death alone can touch off the long period of rest for any artist (Kipling).

C. Ruler of ancient times whose family name was Ahenobarbus.

D. What Romeo said the blinded man cannot forget.

E. Accomplished by clever contriving.

F. Period of four to six hot weeks bet. July 1 and September 1 (in Northern hemisphere; 2 wds.).

G. Persistently adherent to an opinion, etc., against all persuasion or attack.

H. Peculiar lack of the King of Hearts, acc'g to James Branch Cabell.

I. Document of interest to two parties, held for them by a third person.

J. See WORD Q (2 wds.).

K. (The) expressed gratitude from (2 wds.).

L. Dead, inert, stolid.

M. Famous hiding place of an important Amer. Colonial document, *circa* 1687 (2 wds.).

WORDS

126 13 51 63 38 56 169 95

144 146 111 188 82 123 8 65

5 99 24 17

34 163 143 41 80 61 29 172

50 122 161 75 127 69 58

11 42 166 98 191 27 155

190 6 90 110 187 102 25 88 131

180 91 70 134 174 22 15 186

148 171 21 132 71 153

55 23 137 184 94 107 176 86 189 135 2

31 66 92 96 54 133 138 181

10 130 20 81 175 18 103 156 48

106 178 45 40 141 170 120 183 4 79

DEFINITIONS

N. One more; somebody else.

O. Fan.

P. Town in equatorial Africa, administrative capital of Uganda.

Q. Followed by WORD J, what fell when the "moon silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall" (2 wds.; W. J. Mickle).

R. Mark of intentional disrespect.

S. Author of many sympathetic works about animals (*Owls In The Family; Never Cry Wolf*, etc.).

T. Rank of the titular character in the O'Neill play, made into an opera starring Lawrence Tibbett, 1932.

U. Shaped like a beak.

V. Important Amer. author, first to call New York City *Gotham*

W. Music category, now quite loosely applied, to almost any kind of melodious composition.

X. Influence; soften.

Y. Specifying the great ocean *Passage* which Kenneth Roberts wrote about.

Z. Warrior of ancient feudal Japan.

WORDS

158 87 101 140 118 108 182

28 167 112 73 139 33

39 129 117 162 100 185 84

149 113 35 16 60 43

154 72 192 173 52 85 160

83 89 12 128 32

179 77 147 136 76 53 105

36 142 78 164 68 145 151 116 97

37 62 74 104 47 119

3 57 93 121 159 165 46 109

63 150 124 7 26 177

59 67 49 14 157 115 19 114 168

193 30 44 125 152 9 1

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 Z	2 J		3 W	4 M	5 C		6 G	7 X		8 B	9 Z	10 L	11 F		12 S
13 A	14 Y	15 H		16 Q	17 C	18 L	19 Y		20 L	21 I	22 H	23 J	24 C	25 G	26 X	27 F
	28 O	29 D	30 Z	31 K		32 S	33 O	34 D		35 Q	36 U	37 V	38 A	39 P	40 M	41 D
	42 F	43 Q		44 Z	45 M	46 W	47 V	48 L	49 Y	50 E		51 A	52 R	53 T	54 K	55 J
	56 A	57 W	58 E		59 Y	60 Q		61 D	62 V	63 A	64 X	65 B		66 K	67 Y	68 U
69 E	70 H		71 I	72 R		73 O	74 V	75 E	76 T		77 T	78 U	79 M	80 D	81 L	82 B
	83 S	84 P	85 R		86 J	87 N	88 G	89 S		90 G	91 H	92 K	93 W	94 J		95 A
96 K	97 U		98 F	99 C	100 P	101 N	102 G	103 L	104 V	105 T		106 M	107 J	108 N	109 W	110 G
111 B	112 O	113 Q	114 Y		115 Y	116 U	117 P	118 N		119 V	120 M	121 W	122 E	123 B	124 X	125 Z
126 A		127 E	128 S	129 P	130 L	131 G	132 I	133 K		134 H	135 J	136 T		137 J	138 K	139 O
140 N		141 M	142 U	143 D	144 B		145 U	146 B	147 T	148 I	149 Q		150 X	151 U	152 Z	
153 I	154 R	155 F		156 L	157 Y	158 N	159 W		160 R	161 E	162 P	163 D		164 U	165 W	166 F
167 O	168 Y		169 A	170 M	171 I	172 D	173 R	174 H	175 L	176 J		177 X	178 M	179 T	180 H	
181 K	182 N	183 M	184 J		185 P	186 H	187 G	188 B	189 J		190 G	191 F	192 R	193 Z		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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PERFECTIONIST

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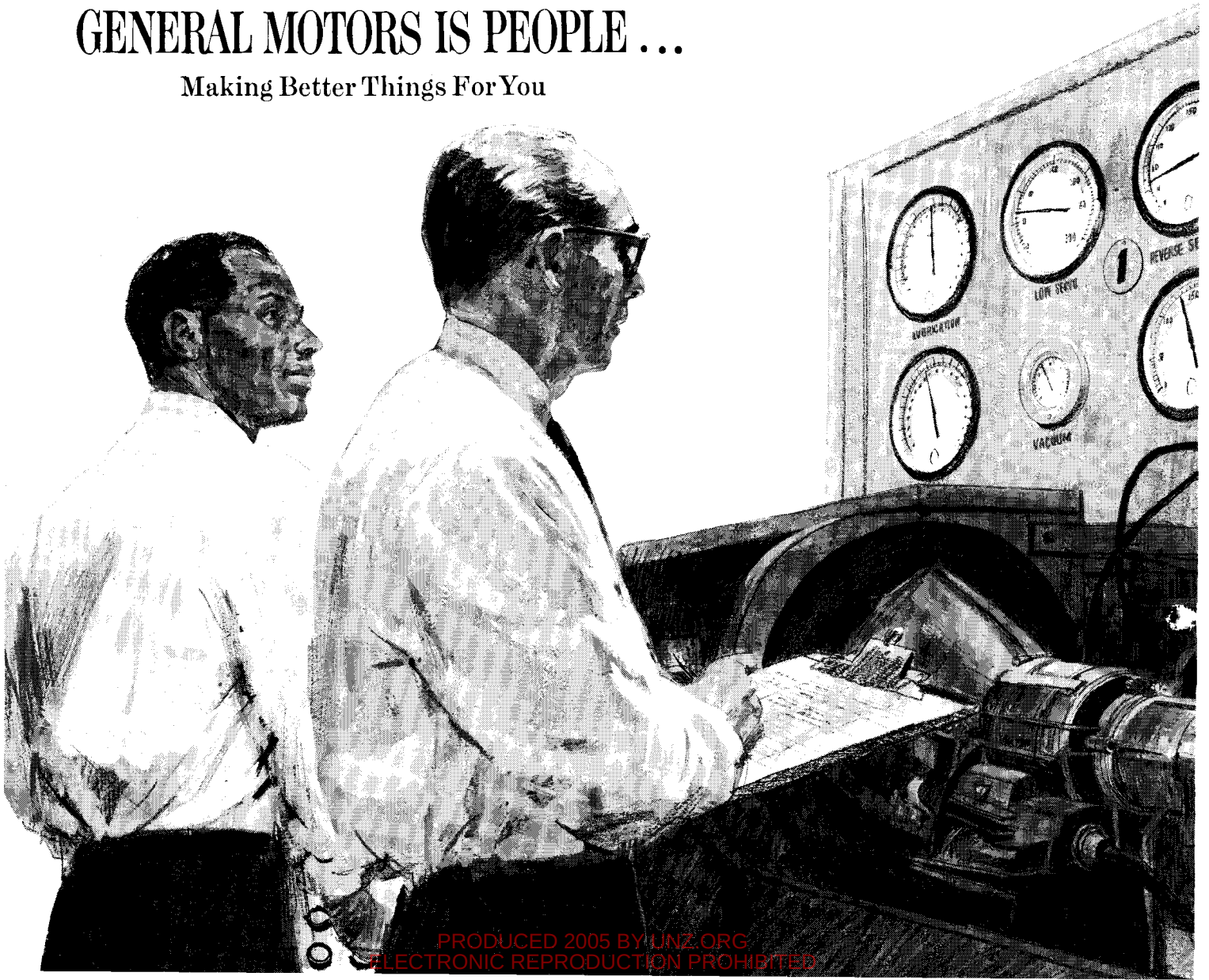
Assignment: Quality Control. He's a very special engineer at General Motors—a key man in a corporation which regards product dependability as a prime responsibility to its customers. He and a GM inspector are shown giving this transmission a final check. In addition to keeping an eagle eye on every phase of manufacturing, the quality control engineer is closely concerned with preliminary design and engineering. More than 13,000 individual parts go into a GM car, and every one must be as reliable as men and machines can make it. Raw materials, components, subassemblies—*all* get meticulous scrutiny. Tolerances to within *fifty millionths* of an inch are commonplace.

Among GM production employes, about *one of every twelve* devotes full time to quality control or inspection. Approximately 50,000 inspections are involved in the building of a single car. In addition, every machine operator has the responsibility for the quality of his work and performance of his machine. He can accept or reject any part he makes. His work is checked by the quality control engineer and the inspector, who analyze machine capabilities and predict machine inaccuracy *before* it occurs—not after.

They're mighty important people, these GM quality control engineers. They have an exacting job, and they take pride in doing it well. GM products bear witness to their effectiveness.

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You



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